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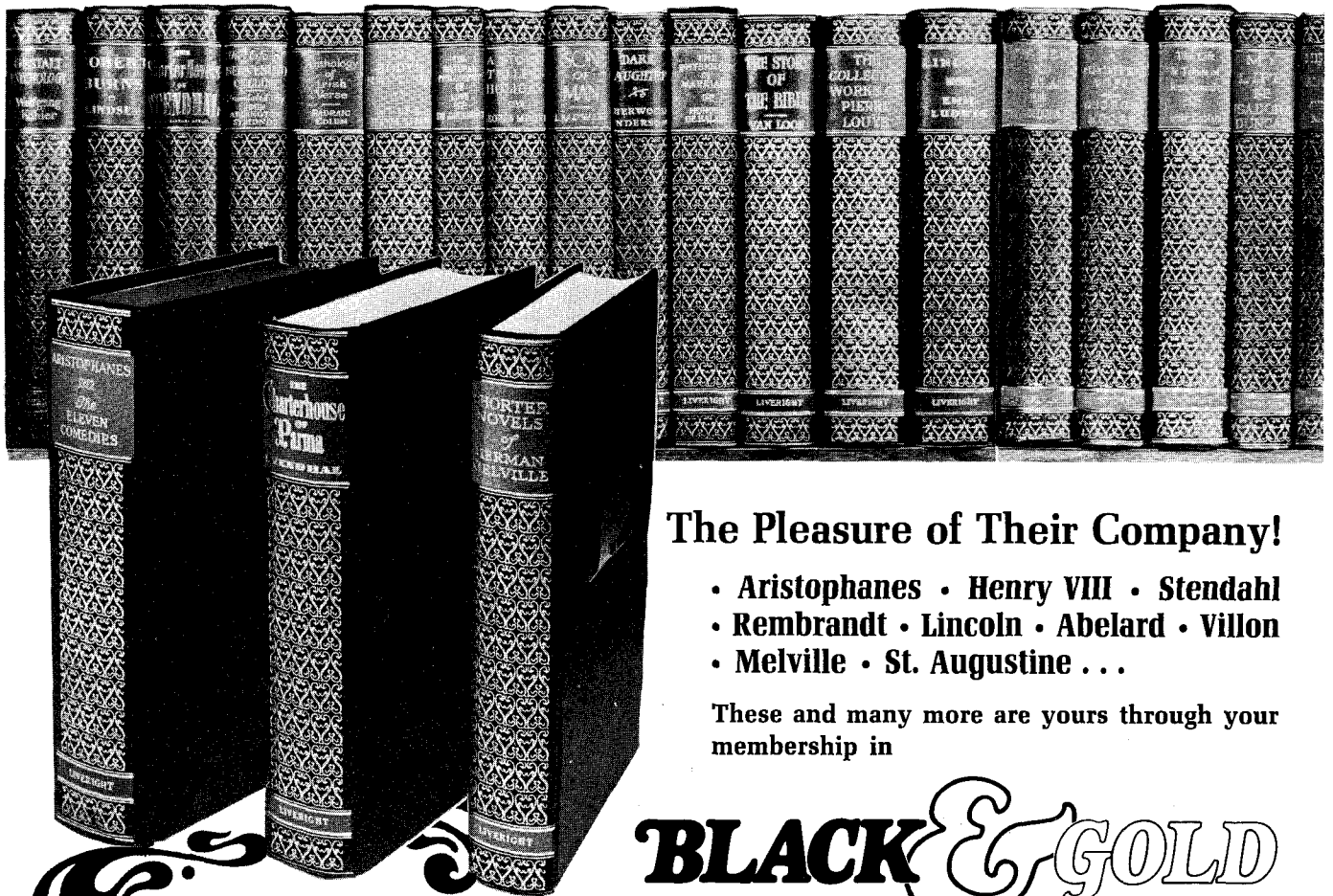

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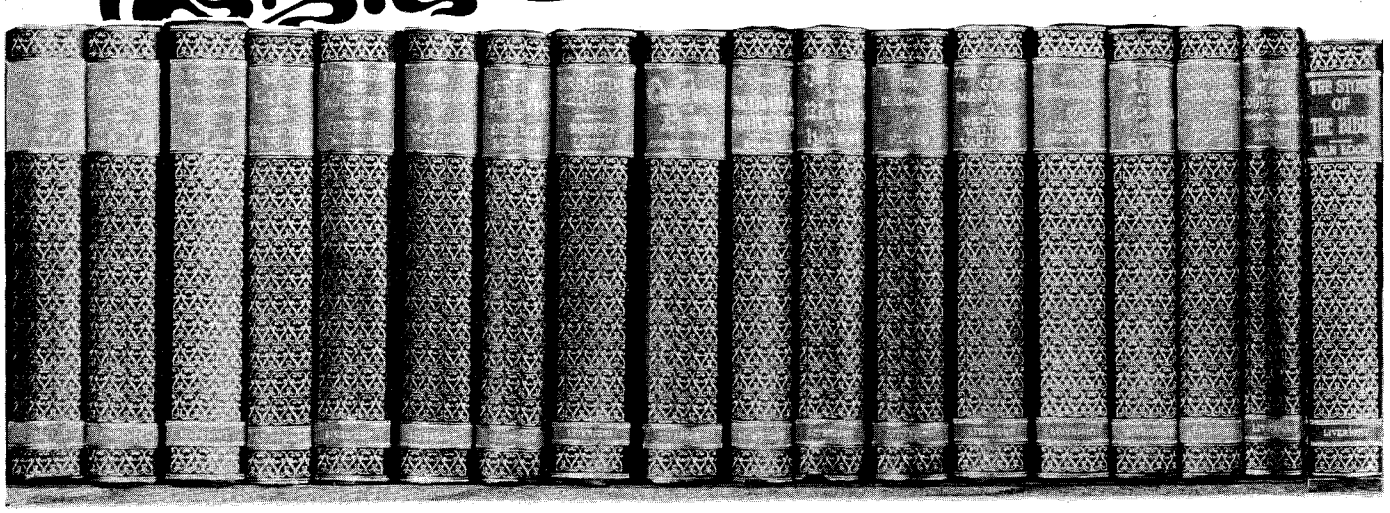

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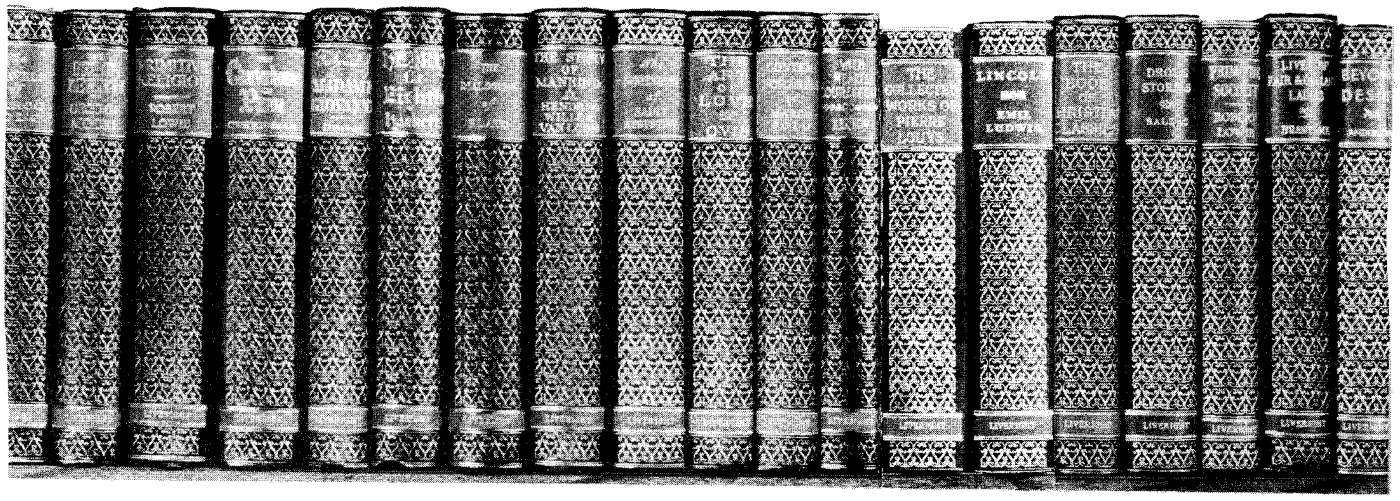

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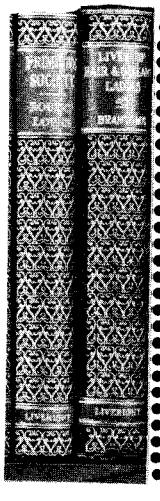

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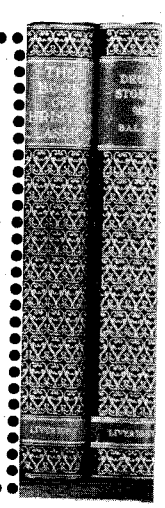

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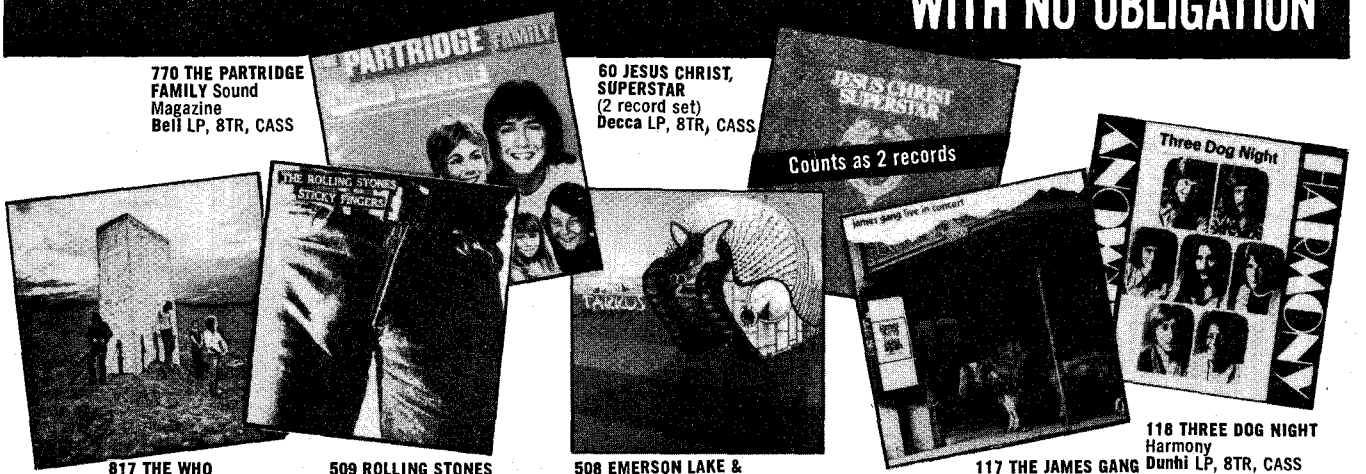

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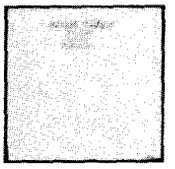

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Leave It to Papa

In the past 50 years White House power has soared while congressional power has sunk. That's America's story for half a century with no end in sight. The shift in power has been so gradual that nobody thinks much about it, and yet the change is so great that it almost amounts to a different form of government.

It began back after World War I but in recent times Vietnam brought it to a head as LBJ pushed a war that Congress never got around to declaring. When he submitted the Tonkin Gulf resolution, Congress whooped it through with only two nays. Now comes Mr. Nixon who invaded Cambodia without consulting anybody and who now on the domestic side has put the entire economy under federal control. Congress just gapes.

I look around in amazement. Congress is hardly a co-equal branch anymore; it is subordinate. If Truman had tried this a few years ago, Congress would have jumped right out of its skin. Truman sought to stop a rail strike by drafting workers and outraged everybody. Mr. Nixon has a simpler procedure: he freezes wages and prices for 90 days and then moves into a kind of modified corporate state. Part of his technique is sticking in needles and part is hypnosis; it's a kind of economic acupuncture. I'm not saying the thing is wrong; something had to be done quick after wasting two years on a game plan that didn't work. But I don't think people have yet grasped the complexities and possible consequences of the thing.

Presidential power used to be modified or guided by the cabinet, and often the big decisions were collectivized. In the Nixon administration the faceless cabinet seems to have been subordinated to the inner White House staff; the President fired Interior Secretary Hickel when he pleaded merely to get to see him.

Presidential power used to be more closely circumscribed by a belligerent press, a commanding Supreme Court and a jealous Congress. In one way or another these curbs all have been altered. As to the press, FDR held two press conferences a week before the war. He was crippled but he learned what troubled the country by the reporters' questions. It was two-way communication. Mr. Nixon, by contrast, has had only 20 press conferences in two years and eight months. The press is often obnoxious and is always dreaming up mean questions. But for a leader who can't be queried in parliament, the press conference did manage to penetrate the White House shell.

Mr. Nixon has got a substitute, a one-way communication system. I mean, of course, the spot TV shows. This is government-by-surprise with sudden, startling appearances. He has been on the air 46 times, or more than Lyndon Johnson in five years (28 times) and thrice as many as JFK (15 appearances in two years, 10 months).

The Supreme Court was always there as a curb, too, and still is. Often it has served as a balance wheel, slowing an administration in too much of a hurry, or speeding it up sometimes in time of delay. The great Warren Court was "activist" largely because of a lazy Congress and a President (Eisenhower) who was neutral on civil rights. It advanced the rights of the poor and oppressed.

Well, the new Nixon Court won't do much of that, I guess, as it is being reconstituted. Mr. Nixon's proposed appointees, at least those named for selection from his original list, caused as sour a response as anything since Cambodia. For the first time in memory, this reporter heard people argue whether what Mr. Nixon was doing was accidental or whether he was conciously trying to downgrade the Court by picking mediocrities.

Another curb on the President, of course, is Congress. But Congress is bored with responsibility. It rarely initiates legislation any more. There were big debates in old days; the cry "Borah's up!" would bring reporters springing into the Senate press gallery. Now the senators keep their best speeches for television.

Everybody knows why Congress is losing power. It's because it won't reform procedures. Like feudal lords the committee chairmen, picked by seniority, run the place and are interested in their own bailiwicks and in local affairs. Congress is wildly inefficient in handling the purse-strings. When Vietnam went sour it didn't dare step in. It left the driving to Papa, and complained comfortably from the back seat.

Now comes the economic crisis, which illustrates ironically how little Congress has to say and how the Democrats have tied their own hands. They pushed on Mr. Nixon an economic blank check equivalent to the Tonkin Gulf resolution. This was the Economic Stabilization Act. They voted it primarily because they didn't think the President would use it. They wanted to embarrass him. He said he didn't want it, wouldn't use it, and would veto it except that it carried one or two technical provisions he liked. Democrats rubbed their hands at their sly trick. Then, suddenly, Mr. Nixon set up a new economic program using all the power they had given him and demanding more.

Maybe this is the wave of the future; maybe we will see a me-too Congress from now on, and even for a while a me-too Supreme Court. But three things about the new economic plan scare us. First is the huge distortion in benefits it gives to big business and to corporations, as against the poor. Second is the precedent it sets for aggrandizing the Executive while demeaning Congress.

Third is the anxious feeling that this extraordinary, extemporized move to the corporate state may not work. Seven men will decide what prices you and I pay; another group will decide our salaries and wages. Can you run America that way? It is divorced from public control. In other days an observer would simply have said no, it won't work, but today it had better work, for we are all in the same dangerous boat together.

It would seem likely that in time Mr. Nixon will produce a boom (with a $30-billion deficit this year, and another expected next year, it would seem hard not to). But the danger comes later on from a real inflationary blow-off around 1973, after the election. And then? Well, if the thing turns into a mess there will be tougher controls, a real recession this time (to discipline labor) and probably a Congress rubbing its eyes.

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Contents

7 – 10 Shocks and Shivers, Limited Advocate, What Prices?, Equal Opportunities, Feeding the Poor

11 The Nixon Watch: The Rev. Billy's Day – *John Osborne*

13 The Wasteland – *William Haseltine* and *Arthur H. Westing*

15 McGovern's Campaign – *Paul R. Wieck*

21 Feiffer

22 Films – *Stanley Kauffmann*

23 Books – Reviews by *John Seelye, Anthony Howard, Richard Margolis, John Wilton*

30 Reconsiderations: *The Natural House – Robert Woods Kennedy*

The Staff

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Shocks and Shivers

Alarms over Russian weaponry are again being rung in Washington: inspired stories describing "agitated pacings" of the Pentagon's research chief as he speaks of enemy breakthroughs, military briefings of defense industrialists, and finally, new revelations by Secretary Laird of Soviet missile deployments. Very scary stuff, but not new. There were official warnings last spring, at the start of congressional hearings on the defense budget, of horrendous Soviet developments, such as the construction of large holes for a mammoth new missile. (Later, and less noisily, the Pentagon acknowledged that much of the new construction was for smaller, existing Russian ICBMs.) In recent days "seniors analysts" have alerted us to the feverish construction of Soviet ICBM launchers, about 90 this year. This is significantly fewer, however, than the 160 a year observed in 1969, a rate of increase, Pentagon officials said at the time, which if continued would threaten our Minuteman deterrent force *in 1975.* Once again, we are asked to be startled by disclosures of large holes in the ground, and once again no evidence is supplied of any new Soviet missile having been tested. If a new Soviet missile is in the works, its development is lagging long behind earlier US estimates. The probability was and is that these large holes are hardened Soviet silos to protect against a possible US strike.

Secretary of Defense Laird appears particularly anxious about accelerated Russian missile submarine construction, raising the possibility that the Soviets might reach numerical equality with the US in 1973. And if they do? Ought we to shake in our boots at that prospect, when the Pentagon has always said that submarine missiles are the foundation of a *deterrent* force? Indeed, Mr. Laird was at a loss when asked by newsmen why US submarines ringing the USSR mean no harm, indeed are desirable, while Soviet subs off our shores present an unacceptable threat. That question is repugnant to those who believe that what America does is right and necessary because America does it, and wrong for others because they do not share our good intentions. But that general principle needn't be argued. The practical facts are that Soviet subs and missiles are inferior to those of the US, and that by 1973 the US will have a submarine fleet with long-range Poseidon missiles capable of raining on Russia three or four thousand nuclear warheads each with a yield several

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times that of the Hiroshima bomb. It is hallucinatory to imagine that if the Russians build 41 subs – the number in our Polaris fleet – they will have achieved even parity.

Of course, the Soviets are arming; so are we, each side knowing that no amount of arms will ever put either in a position where it could risk initiating nuclear war. The US is already increasing the number of its strategic warheads from about 2000 in 1970 to more than 7000 by 1975. Moreover, our missiles will be equipped with MIRVs – that is, many warheads, each capable of hitting an individual target. We are building a new intercontinental bomber, the B-1, whereas the Soviets have restricted their efforts to a shorter-range aircraft. Both sides are building ABMs.

Arms control, not pandemonium from the Pentagon, is the only hope of breaking this spending spiral. But the lobby for arms limitation is puny, the lobby for arms unlimited is powerful. Nearly two years have passed since formal talks began, four years since they were first proposed. Under the philosophy that all weapons programs must be pushed in order to provide bargaining chips for the negotiators, both sides have vastly increased their forces during this period, so that any halt will be at a higher level than if restraint had been exercised earlier. The Russians have boosted the number of their launchers by nearly 100 percent since 1968; the US has tested, and is well along in the deployment of two MIRV systems, nearly doubling the number of our warheads in that time. Fortunately, the Russians have not yet begun testing a MIRV system, and it is MIRVs, not the number of launchers, that are the real threat in the long run to our land-based deterrent. Yet there is no serious discussion at SALT of limiting MIRVs.

What prompts the present shocks and shivers in the Pentagon? The congressional budget cycle is about over for this year. Is it to lay the groundwork for the next defense budget submission, which must now be in preparation? As the expenditures for Vietnam wind down, the Pentagon faces increasing competition for federal funds. The large federal deficits can only be reduced by cuts in defense funding. Or is the present campaign calculated to impede agreement at SALT? It has been reported that when the US negotiating team returned to Helsinki in July, it was seeking a freeze on Soviet submarine construction in addition to one on the large SS-9 ICBMs, asking in effect for a halt to all Russian deployments, while allowing the US to replace Polaris missiles with the much larger MIRVed Poseidons and our Minuteman II ICBMs with MIRVed Minuteman IIIs. Mr Laird "will oppose any national-security program which would place us in an inferior position," forcing the President to "crawl to a negotiating table." Who wouldn't oppose that? What we want to know is whether the current propaganda on the Soviet submarine buildup is a Pentagon attempt to tie the US needlessly to a nonnegotiable position.

Limited Advocate

The President's consumer affairs adviser is the closest thing in the administration to a spokesman for millions of buyers of goods and services. But the incumbent, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, has no power to speak of. We've noted before that when she came to Washington – and for a year thereafter – she wasn't allowed to so much as forward an angry consumer's letter about a Chevrolet to General Motors. It was her custom to send out form letters that said: "As sympathetic as I am with your problems I must honestly report that the powers of my office do not include intervention in a controversy between buyer and seller for purposes of adjustment."

Mrs. Knauer's other job has been to act as the administration's spokesman on consumer policy matters. Thus it fell to her to testify against setting minimum federal standards for guarantees and warrantees, to support the administration's opposition to class action suits brought by individuals in consumer fraud cases, and to ignore altogether an invitation last year to testify either for or against Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal's (D, NY) bill to set up an independent consumer protection agency with authority to represent consumers before government agencies and in the courts. This year, in an apparent reversal, the administration announced its support of an independent consumer agency; that is, the version of the bill which passed the House October 14 by a lopsided 344 to 44 vote and now awaits Senate action. Oddly enough, the House bill as passed was opposed by its original author, Rep. Rosenthal.

The original justification of the Rosenthal bill was that in all the government's 200-odd consumer-related programs administered by 40 or so separate agencies, consumers were not represented when decisions were made that affected them. What seemed desirable was a consumer advocate, an institutionalized public-interest law firm within the government.

Early this year, however, a House Government Operations subcommittee rewrote the Rosenthal bill and in so doing limited severely the sorts of proceedings the consumer advocate could take part in. The "intervention section" of the bill was put under the Administrative Procedures Act of 1946, a law which governs agency rule-making, adjudication and licensing procedures. Under the APA the consumer advocate would be unable in Rosenthal's view to participate in informal agency actions.

As an example of how the advocate would be hamstrung, Rep. Rosenthal cites the enforcement of the Flammable Fabrics Act by the Federal Trade Commission. Last year Rosenthal says "90 percent" of violation cases involving fabric fires were acted on informally. The FTC learns of an alleged violation, invites in officials of the business firm that is the subject of the complaint, and discusses the evidence. Usually

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some sort of informal understanding is arrived at; perhaps the company agrees to comply voluntarily with the act. Rosenthal contends that most of the consumer-related work of the federal agencies is handled in such informal ways, including among other things the Agriculture Department's enforcement of the Meat and Poultry Inspection Act. The Consumer Protection Agency under the House-passed bill would be barred from all such informal proceedings and would have no oversight of them.

The House-approved consumer bill would also place additional limitations on the advocate, who would be unable to participate in any formal proceeding "seeking primarily to impose a fine, penalty or forfeiture . . ." Here the key phrase is "seeking primarily."

Rep. Rosenthal's legislative assistant, Peter Barash, points out that "every consumer protection statute provides for fines, penalties and forfeitures and as a consequence every adjudication can be said to seek the imposition of a fine, penalty or forfeiture." When the Food and Drug Administration seizes a shipment of vichyssoise, that is a forfeiture. When a department store is taken to court for violating Truth in Lending the outcome might involve a fine. The question is whether such proceedings "seek primarily" such outcomes and therefore whether they would be off limits to the consumer advocate. The issue would likely arise each time the consumer advocate showed up in a court.

An amendment introduced by Rep. William Moorhead (D, Pa) and supported by a majority of the Democrats on the Government Operations Committee, by Ralph Nader, the United Auto Workers, Common Cause, the Consumer Federation of America and other consumer groups would have broadened the advocate's authority, specifically by giving the CPA oversight of agency proceedings and the way they dispose of complaints, the power to participate as a party in court and other formal proceedings, and the right to require other federal agencies to provide information that would assist in carrying out oversight responsibilities. The Moorhead amendment was opposed by the US Chamber of Commerce, the Grocery Manufacturers of America, the Nixon administration, and it was defeated 218-160.

On one side – the administration side – stood Rep. Chet Holifield (D, Calif.) a 29-year House veteran and chairman of the Government Operations Committee, who last spring divested Rep. Rosenthal of his chairmanship of the special consumer inquiry (a subcommittee of Government Operations without subcommittee status). Rosenthal would have introduced the Moorhead amendment himself had he not feared that his association with it – given his acrimonious relationship with Holifield – might hurt its chances. When Rosenthal lost his chairmanship of the consumer inquiry in March a letter of protest from Ralph Nader elicited the comment from Holifield that Nader should "run his own damn affairs." More recently Holifield derisively referred to the Moorhead amendment as the "Nader Amendment," as if to discredit it. Rosenthal is said to feel that the Moorhead amendment was hurt by the failure of the AFL-CIO to take a position on strengthening the legislation. The Consumer Federation of America, which is heavily influenced if not controlled by the AFL-CIO and is the largest consumer organization in the country, gave low-keyed support to the Moorhead amendment, at the same time telling legislators the bill was excellent even without the Moorhead amendment.

The Senate still may materially alter the house bill after Senator Ribicoff begins hearings in November. If not, Congress will have legislated a consumer protection law considered a landmark by the US Chamber of Commerce and a consumer fraud by Ralph Nader.

What Prices?

When the order for a 90-day price freeze was issued on August 15, all retailers were asked to post ceiling price lists for their customers. The requirement was lax enough; sellers were free in practice to make up their own lists, with "ceilings" just about as high as they liked; no provision had been made for checking on their accuracy. Now, with more than two-thirds of the freeze period over, less than one out of ten of the nation's retailers has complied with the executive order for posting, according to surveys by the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees and *The New York Times*. The finding lends support to the concern we expressed last week about the degree of adherence to price ceilings that may be expected during phase II in the light of meager provisions made for enforcement. The prospects for effective government control are diminished further by the administration's own overly hasty decisions.

The announcement of the freeze was so sudden that it was several days, in some instances weeks, before authorities were able to tell the public definitely which prices and wages could go up in accord with prior agreements and which could not. With the beginning of phase II less than a month off, the officers of the regulating bodies, the pay board and the price commission, are still to be assembled (at present writing they have not yet been appointed), and so have yet to de-

COMING: report from Asia on the chances for peace – by George McT. Kahin

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bate and formulate the standards that will govern prices, wages and rents after November 14.

Many of the retailers questioned by surveyors last week were able to contend that they had never been informed that posting of ceilings was required. And no one that we know of, in or out of government, has questioned the practices of more than a bare handful of the two-and-one-half million sellers of services, the half-million wholesalers, or the one-and-one-half million firms in manufacturing, mining and construction. How many of these, two or three months hence, will be able to say that they were not sure what they were supposed to do? Given the administration's approach to the problem, how many business firms, aside from a few giants, will even be asked? Considering how these questions are likely to be answered, labor will have plenty of ammunition on its side when its representatives on the pay board urge a generous tolerance of wage increases. We expect, therefore, that the regulations of phase II will evolve into a loose holding action that will slow inflation only modestly and not nearly as much as the government's official price indexes will register. The latter measures, of course, will record the ceiling prices as reported to the Bureau of Labor Statistics by business; these will not necessarily match the prices actually charged.

Equal Opportunities

In the seven years since its creation under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission has built up a backlog of 26,000 unsettled discrimination complaints. Both sides in recent congressional debates about the commission have claimed this fact for their cause. Up to now the EEOC has only been allowed to review and recommend; most legislators agree that it must be given more power. The present controversy deals with a proposal to turn the EEOC into an effective body – like the FTC or the National Labor Relations Board – with authority to issue cease-and-desist orders.

Legislation to that effect has been offered in the House by Reps. Hawkins (D, Calif.) and Reid (R, NY) and in the Senate by Harrison Williams (D, NJ). They cite the case backlog as a symptom of the commission's impotence: a strong commission, they say, would settle most cases quickly, without taking legal action. More than 95 percent of the grievances brought before the NLRB are settled without trial.

Opponents of cease-and-desist authority say the 26,000-case backlog is evidence of the commission's built-in inability to settle disputes. They supported and won passage for the "Erlenborn amendment" in the House, an administration-backed replacement for the original Hawkins-Reid bill. It gives the EEOC authority to take discrimination cases to court, but not to deliver judgment of its own. This plan, its supporters say, would give the alleged discriminator a fairer hearing: his case would come before a federal judge, not a closed panel of EEOC examiners.

The argument carries little weight. Courts are overburdened with present jurisdictions; dumping another 26,000 or more cases into legal channels will only serve to clog them. A recent survey shows the median interval for a nonjury trial in US district courts is 17 months. That's how long it takes once you've convinced the government to take your case, or hired your own attorney, filed suit and won the right to be heard. Erlenborn's bill would ask every petitioner to travel that tortuous legal route. And it further minimizes resulting decisions by prohibiting class action suits.

Many believe the best way to relieve our overworked judiciary is to remove all cases which can be handled more efficiently by administrative agencies. Already the SEC, FTC, NLRB and FCC process heavy caseloads that otherwise would fall to federal courts. They all have cease-and-desist powers. They may not always decide wisely, but they decide. An equally strong EEOC would help carry the legal burden and attend more to small-scale discriminators.

There's little reason to credit the argument that federal commissions are biased against the defendant. An EEOC with cease-and-desist authority would investigate each complaint with the intent of settling differences out of court. Only when negotiation fails would it begin legal action. If the commission found a complaint to be justified, it would privately notify the employer in advance, then summon him to testify at a hearing before delivering final judgment. An employer who felt wrongly accused could appeal as far as the Supreme Court.

By a scant five votes the House replaced the Hawkins-Reid enforcement act with Erlenborn's weaker amendment last month. Soon the Senate is expected to take up both the original and alternate proposals. In the interest of judicial efficiency and of the 26,000 claimants seeking relief from the government, the Senate would do well to pass Williams' bill (S 2515) by a strong vote. That would encourage conferees to ask for House support in strengthening the EEOC – which needs authority if it is to carry out the task assigned by the Civil Rights Act.

Feeding the Poor

The President wants to end hunger in America "for all time," and the federal government now feeds 14 million poor, twice as many as when Mr. Nixon took office. That's statistical progress. Yet of 25 million Americans classified as poor (defined as a family

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earning under $3940), at least 11 million are going hungry, and perhaps 35 million more suffer hard core malnutrition.

Last week's bitter food battle between Congress and the Department of Agriculture, which tried to slash the school lunch program, testified to the inadequacy of current and proposed programs. The dispute turned on technical questions not likely to stir public passions – how much money the government would give the states to provide kids free or cheap lunches, what spending formulas it would use and how the states would define who is poor enough to qualify. If USDA had won, which it did not, as many as 1.5 million out of 7.3 million needy children would have been the losers.

The commodity-distribution program, which stems from legislation passed in 1935 and 1949, aims to absorb farm surplus and to keep food prices up. Coincidentally, it feeds the needy. Its 3.5 million beneficiaries go each month to local warehouses, some up to 100 miles away, to pick up an assortment of peanut butter, canned vegetables, flour, corn syrup, grits, chopped meat made from hogs' tongues, and whatever else farmers and food processors currently have in excess. Agriculture says it offers 24 different foods, supply in more than enough nutrients and almost enough calories to keep a person healthy. Investigators of the Senate Select committee on nutrition and Human Needs found, however, that the average recipient seldom gets more than half the needed calories and nutrients. Few counties distribute all the items, some stock only four, others don't order the food, or stocks run out. Cheese and canned foods rot in overheated warehouses. Some local welfare officials refuse to distribute food during the summer, so that the poor will be forced to find work or learn to grow their own food.

Families in the food stamp program, which operates in 2051 counties, purchase money coupons at banks and exchange them for groceries. A poor family of four gets $108 worth of food a month. The food isn't free, except for the few families who earn under $30 a month. Families in the "upper income levels, making $360 a month, must shell out up to $99 to receive $108 in stamps – the kind of savings any family might get at a good discount grocery. The $108 figure is based on a USDA December, 1970 estimate of the costs of an "economy plan" menu for four. If you follow the sample menus to the letter, you'll eat "large servings of breads and cereals, potatoes and dry beans" but only "limited quantities of meat, eggs, fruits and vegetables."

No American should starve and no child should be undernourished; that seems agreed. But there must be a better way of feeding the hungry than this. The logical and less demeaning way is for Congress to scrap the surplus and food stamp programs for outright cash grants – at least $4320 for a family of four. The administration's Family Assistance Plan, which Mr. Nixon and Congress have shelved for this year would scuttle the food stamp program and give families cash instead. But unless Congress revives the plan, it would be worse than what we have now. For FAP would keep the surplus distribution program intact (powerful agriculture interests want it) and guarantee families a maximum of only $2400 in cash – far less than many families get today in combined welfare and food stamp benefits. The administration plan would not require states to chip in their own funds, so many families might never rise above what is defined as poverty – an income of less than $4320. Perhaps, as one congressman says, "hunger no longer has the punch it once had."

The Nixon Watch

The Rev. Billy's Day

Along the route that Mr. Nixon and his companion in a White House limousine, the Reverend Billy Graham, took from the Charlotte, NC, airport to the Charlotte Coliseum, where Billy Graham Day was celebrated on October 15, there were several street-side signs that read as follows: "With the third highest crime rate in the nation, all we need is Liquor by the Drink to put us on top." It may be doubted that the President, busy waving at the crowds and suppressing his normal desire to get out of the car and shake hands, noticed the signs. If he had noticed them, he probably would not have grasped the rather sour joke on him and his friend Billy that a lot of people in Charlotte thought the signs represented. It appeared to these people, presumably including many of the 13,000 who packed the circular hall of the Coliseum, that the President and the Reverend Billy had been trapped into public association with the advocates of legalizing the bar sale of hard liquor in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. A local judge was to decide the following week whether the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding county could vote on November 5, as the state legislature had said they could, for and against legalizing sale "by the drink." It was a hot issue in the city and county, the last battle between prohibitionists and the modernists, led by the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, who argued that the present restriction to package sales made it unduly difficult to attract conventions and otherwise denied the city and its environs full participation in the joys and amenities of the 20th century.

Dragging the liquor issue into the accounts of Billy Graham Day was discouraged in Charlotte. The inventor and principle sponsor of the occasion, President

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Charles Crutchfield of the Chamber of Commerce, attributed the covert suspicion that it was a factor to the machinations of the prohibitionists and their leader, Charlotte attorney Allen A. Bailey. Mr. Bailey declined to discuss the matter for the record. But it was clear that he and his allies, who included many of Charlotte's Protestant pastors, believed and put it about that Mr. Nixon had been gulled. They also felt that the Reverend Billy had acted with something less than the righteous consistency to be expected of a Baptist preacher who was at once Charlotte's most famous native son and, as the President said in his speech, "the evangelist who has been heard by more people in more parts of the world than any in the history of the world." It was said that Billy Graham had been invited to endorse the opposition to bar sales and, from his mountain home across the state at Montreat, had sent word that it was a local issue in which he saw no need to involve himself.

The Chamber of Commerce president, Mr. Crutchfield, is also the president of the Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company, which operates television and radio stations in Charlotte and elsewhere. As such, and as a friend of Harry Dent, the presidential political counsellor from South Carolina, Charlie Crutchfield is on a list of some 40 businessmen and communicators who get privileged treatment at the Nixon White House. They are invited from time to time to meet the President at unannounced sessions and to get from him and senior members of his staff briefings on major items of Nixon policy. Among such figures as the chairmen and presidents of General Electric, Westinghouse, Honeywell, US Steel and Atlantic Richfield, and distinguished academics like Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago and Howard Johnson of MIT, Mr. Crutchfield considers himself to be a little fellow. But he's there, he chats with the President, and at a briefing last June 22 he mentioned his plans to arrange a day in Charlotte in honor of his and Mr. Nixon's dear friend, Billy Graham. Mr. Nixon said he'd like to attend. At another briefing in late July, preceded by dinner with Mr. Nixon in the State Dining Room at the White House and climaxed with a private account from Henry Kissinger of his first trip to Peking, the President firmed up his acceptance of the invitation and instructed his staff to fix a date with Crutchfield that would be convenient for the Reverend Billy. Perhaps mindful of his recent refusal to join the fight against bar sales in Charlotte, Graham demurred at first but came around and agreed on October 15. One gathers that he relied upon his old friend from his Charlotte days, Charlie Crutchfield, to knock off any speculation to the effect that the whole thing was a ploy on behalf of loosening the local liquor law by demonstrating in the most public way that the friends of bar sales were also the friends of President Nixon and Billy Graham. Confronted with that speculation, Crutchfield said in private that he thought up Billy Graham Day and had mentioned it to Mr. Nixon before anybody knew that the legislature would allow a referendum on the liquor question this year. Crutchfield prepared a formal statement that said as much, adding that gossip to the contrary "demeaned Dr. Graham," but never issued it.

The upshot was a thoroughly pleasant and invigorating day for all concerned, excepting the aggrieved opponents of bar sales. Billy Graham said that Mr. Nixon is a warm and likeable human being, a tough and courageous President who disdains expediency and compromise. In proof of the latter assertion, Graham raised his magnificent voice to its full organ tone and said: "I remember once I made a suggestion to him. He looked me in the eye and said, *'Billy, that wouldn't be moral.'*" The Reverend Billy then said something that may tell a good deal about how he and Mr. Nixon regard each other. "At that moment," Graham said, "he was the preacher and I was the sinner." Mr. Nixon gazed straight ahead, without a visible quiver. The honoree evoking his boyhood on a dairy farm that is now a forest of stores and office buildings, with the house where he was born tucked in a surviving nook, recalled that in those days his kind of folks killed their own rats and didn't ask the federal government to do it. The remark drew a nod from Mr. Nixon and tremendous applause from the audience. I found myself connecting it, no doubt unfairly, with the smattering of long-haired youths who displayed antiwar signs and yelled derisively at the President and Reverend Billy on their way to and from the Coliseum. Nixon and Graham actually treated the few dissidents with a show of amused tolerance, at one point raising their fingers in the V-sign of peace and saluting a young man who was screaming "Murderer!"

During the 27 minutes that Mr. Nixon required for his speech, he seemed to be reaching for a way to say the right things about the Reverend Billy without offending the many people who variously are not Protestants, not fundamentalists, and not as responsive as the President is to the Graham gospel. In the course of getting to what the nation owes Billy Graham, the President rendered a fairly complete recital of what the nation owes Richard Nixon. His forthcoming trips to China and Moscow, his efforts to wind down the Vietnam war, his progress toward a generation of peace, and his endeavors to keep America from growing soft while it grows richer and richer, were favorably mentioned. What the nation owes the Reverend Billy, the President finally got around to saying, is the impact of his effort "to inspire in individuals that religious faith which means moral strength and character" – the quality, Mr. Nixon said, that a nation has to have and keep in order to be great and the quality, too, that makes Billy Graham "one of the greatest leaders of our time."

Back at the airport, the President told group after

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group of farewell handshakers that he'd enjoyed the day enormously. When he asked the Reverend Billy what he thought of the day, Graham said that he accepted the honor for himself and gave the credit to the Lord. Mr. Nixon beamed his approval and, with Secretary of the Treasury John Connally and several other politicos in tow, vanished into the airplane that used to be Air Force One and is now the Spirit of '76.

John Osborne

Beating Plowshares into Swords

The Wasteland

by William Haseltine and Arthur H. Westing

After spraying the forests and fields of Vietnam with herbicides, saturation bombing them from B-52s, and repeatedly shelling them with artillery, the US Army Corps of Engineers is now using giant bulldozers to level hundreds of thousands of acres. The Engineers are cutting through trees, abandoned farms and scrub, leaving the soil grey, bare and lifeless.

US commanders have always had a hard time finding the Vietcong before it found them. As US troops leave the countryside and retire to base camps and cities, the job becomes even harder, because the only way left to spot troop movements is from the air. The large-scale use of herbicides to improve visibility from above by defoliating trees did not live up to expectations. Though many of the sprayed trees died, they remained standing. The ground below became quickly overgrown by dense brush and dead trunks were soon covered by climbing vines, effectively obscuring the ground.

The Army and Air Force are satisfied by the new bulldozing project. As described by *Kysu'* (Spring 1971), the quarterly publication of the Engineer troops in Vietnam, "... landclearing is a double-edged weapon denying the enemy cover and concealment while increasing allied ground mobility and the more effective use of artillery and air support." When the plows have finished, nothing is left standing, visibility is excellent. The bulldozing is one part of the program to use air power to win security for US troops with a minimum of casualties.

The teams work from dawn to dusk clearing over 1000 acres of land a day, seven days a week. More than 750,000 acres have been scraped clean so far. The majority of the areas flattened have long threatened US forces, areas such as the Iron Triangle north of Saigon or the Boiloi Woods in Tayhninh province near Cambodia.

Bulldozing began on a small scale in 1965 as a way of lessening the dangers of ambush by pushing back the jungle from the sides of all major roads and other lines of communication. This early program enlarged the roads in South Vietnam from narrow ribbons hemmed in by green jungle to broad swaths clear of trees and brush for 300 to 600 feet on either side. Military commanders are pleased with the road clearing program, for during the daytime single vehicles can now travel roads once too dangerous for convoys. No one travels at night, even on the four-lane superhighway between Saigon and US command headquarters in Bienhoa, because the Vietcong control the countryside.

By early 1968 most of the major roads in Vietnam had been cleared and extensive razing of forests was begun. Idle equipment was put to work. The program grew, as many do in Vietnam, apparently not because of deliberate foresight but rather like Topsy. The basic tool is the heavily armored D-7E caterpillar tractor fitted out with a Rome plow blade. The blade is sharpened and adjusted to cut off all vegetation just above the ground. The heavy lance at one end of the blade, called a stinger, is used to split the very large trees before they are cut down or pushed over. Recently, larger D-9 tractors, weighing over 80 tons, have been introduced because, according to one company commander, "large trees, five feet and over, took a lot out of the D-7, and some trees would have to be left standing." In clearing rubber plantations, two tractors have dragged a chain between them to knock down the neat rows of trees.

The tractors are organized into five companies, 30

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tractors in each. They have such names as the 'Jungle Eaters' and 'Land Barons.' The men take pride in their work. Before leaving for home, one group carved the First Infantry Division emblem out of the landscape northwest of Saigon, clearing some 1500 acres of forest in the process.

The tractors are warned of dangers ahead by their company commander from an observation helicopter. The most frequent alert is for bomb craters which are often so numerous they impede the tractors' work. Also, bulldozers have been repeatedly attacked and are now routinely escorted by tanks and armored personnel carriers.

For a typical cut, the lead bulldozer begins outlining an area about half a mile across in the shape of a square with rounded corners. The other bulldozers fall in behind in a drawn out, staggered formation, completely ringing the cut and slowly closing in toward the center with each revolution until the entire area, except for the fringe around the craters, is leveled.

The campaign to clear the Batangan Peninsula, the birthplace of Ho Chi Minh, is typical. Located 75 miles south of Danang just east of the major military artery, coastal highway No. 1, the peninsula was a rich agricultural region interspersed with dense jungle. The Vietcong had controlled it since 1963. *Kysu'* describes the operation: "... the VC were so well entrenched that, without taking huge losses in men and equipment, the Batangan area could not be completely recovered by direct attack.... Enemy control of most of the region was intolerable and the key to the situation was finally found in land clearing operations coupled with a road development program.... The 59th Land Clearing Company is destroying the dense thickets and jungle which have long protected enemy operations. More than 13,000 acres have been cleared...." Today there are no trees standing; the peninsula looks like a desert. The US command considers the area pacified.

"Moon, hell – this is Southeast Asia."

Sometimes flat fertile areas are plowed to clear away any possible concealment. The recent cut near Duchue by the 60th Land Clearing Company is an example. In seven days, bulldozers cleared 1400 acres, obliterating the low dikes which once separated one peasant's rice field from his neighbor's and flattening most of the houses. A Rome plow platoon leader said during the operation: "How do I decide about houses?... Well if it don't have anybody in it we knock them down.... We leave the old graves because they're sacred for the people who used to live here, but we dig up the new graves because usually they're just enemy caches."

The areas to be cleared are chosen by the US military command, usually without consulting the Saigon government. Thus, clearing the Iron Triangle north of Saigon required only the approval of the US Third Military Region Command. Local residents are not consulted. Shortly before an operation starts, the villagers are told via their village chief to leave the area, which then effectively becomes a free fire zone. Each morning before the bulldozers move out and each night after they return, the area to be cleared is saturated by artillery fire. During an operation, the armed escorts shoot anything they see that moves.

Company commanders describe three purposes of clearing work. The primary one (perhaps 80 percent) is tactical. Requests for land-clearing from local US field officers far exceed present capacity. Another purpose is described as political. The South Vietnamese forest service closely regulates timber-cutting for commercial purposes. Local province chiefs have recently realized that cutting regulations may be circumvented by claiming that nearby forest is a Vietcong base area and requesting that it be approved for bulldozing. A small percentage of the plowing, one commander estimates less than two percent, is done to prepare land for agricultural use. Much of the land plowed is so heavily cratered and has so much unexploded ordnance in it that it's unsuitable for farming.

There will be long-term economic and ecological damage. Forests cut down will not return. Land cleared of trees several years ago is now covered by elephant (cogon) grass. The grass is economically useless; it cannot even be used to graze livestock. It is very difficult to regain land covered by the grass for agriculture. Some 126,000 acres of prime tropical hardwood timber and over 25,000 acres of rubber trees have been destroyed. Wildlife habitat has been devastated. Ero-

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sion will be a serious long-term danger on cutover hilly terrain. With the elimination of the enormous water-holding capacity of the forests, heavy monsoon rains cause severely damaging floods. For example, flash floods devastated a recently Rome-plowed area in Khanhoa province.

The Rome plowing is now being 'Vietnamized.' Training of the 318th ARVN Engineer Company by the 62nd US Engineer Battalion began in December 1969. The first all-ARVN land-clearing operation began in May 1970. The company commander, who received his engineer training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, said, "My men are ready. I think we should be able to match the American engineers' performance, at least on this first operation." The US 62nd Battalion is training two more Vietnamese companies.

The Workhorse Candidate

McGovern's Campaign

by Paul R. Wieck

A few days after the Chicago debacle in 1968, one of George McGovern's aides put in a call to a Republican friend in South Dakota. Worried because McGovern's standing in senatorial polls had fallen to 46 percent during his abortive presidential bid, an ominously low figure for an incumbent going into the last two months of a campaign, the aide asked a simple question: "How bad is it?" The reply: "You don't have a thing to worry about." The friend described a scene he was witnessing at the South Dakota State Fair, then underway. South Dakota's three GOP members of Congress (Sen. Mundt, Reps. Reifel and Berry) were "keeping each other company" in the GOP booth, while hundreds of farmers and their wives were clustered around McGovern across the way, asking and listening and going away nodding their heads. He spent endless hours rooted to that spot. In November, South Dakotans voted for him in overwhelming numbers.

It was McGovern at his best, regardless of whether the hundreds clustered around are farmers, students, housewives or hardhats. At close range, patiently dealing with their fears and hopes, the innate decency of the man resolves their doubts about him. In conversation, the flatness fades from his voice to be replaced by earnest, friendly conviction.

Now, three years later, McGovern is trying to market that product nationally, but to an audience numbering in the tens of millions who don't show up at state fairs but get their impressions from an impersonal, electronic medium which is not kind to the minister's son from South Dakota. Can he sell it? The usual answer is a chorus of "no." McGovern has heard that chorus all his political life, from the early fifties when he drove through the South Dakota nights putting together a Democratic party, body by body.

His 1972 strategy harkens back to those days. It's predicated on the assumption he won't be taken seriously until he repeats his solitary quest of nearly two decades ago, but on a national scale. He can't wait for the voters to come to him; he has to go to them. So he announced his candidacy Jan. 18, 1971, eighteen months before his party picks its nominee in Miami Beach. To run as an "insurgent," the term his aides use, McGovern must build his own organization, ferret out his own money supply, hopefully elbow out competition for the party's left and, with all this accomplished, show winning strength in the primaries. All this is based on the belief that a man from the party's left, playing to the public's yearning for an honest politician, can glue together a winning coalition of workers, farmers, students, minorities, academics, housewives and peace activists whom McCarthy and Kennedy split in 1968. If hard work is all that's needed to do it, McGovern can be counted on to put in the hours. He'll never be accused of "copping out."

Then why the doubts? Seldom have the prospects of a major contender – and, in the fall of 1971, McGovern must be accorded that designation – been haunted by so many phantoms. In place of McGovern, not a few see a stalking horse for Ted Kennedy, the real heir of the coalition. Others see a one-issue candidate, harping about a war that is fading from pub-

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lic consciousness. There are suspicions he's not the one to unite the left or to give it viability among those who prefer a Lindsay or a Hughes or even a McCarthy. To middle America he's all too often identified with the radical-chic establishment in the despised "East," if not with the bomb throwers. Some find him wanting because he doesn't "project" on "the media." In brief, George McGovern isn't "electible." But because he's heard it so often before, McGovern hasn't let it discourage him.

The primaries are not only crucial for him but, alone among the contenders, he could sweep the 11 or 12 he plans to enter and still have plenty of trouble getting the nomination. The McGovern camp is concentrating on two – New Hampshire and Wisconsin, the states so kind to McCarthy in 1968. Wisconsin is the more critical one because it has all the elements the McGovernites believe are helpful to their man. Still, a strong showing in New Hampshire would do wonders for morale; and if followed by a win in Wisconsin should set them up for strong bids in Nebraska, Oregon and California while picking up scattered delegates in selected districts of Florida, Massachusetts, New Mexico, to name several.

To get some feel of his campaign, I traveled through Wisconsin with McGovern for two days in early October. He was just back from Vietnam where he picked up a rock to defend himself in one violent encounter. His makeup-work schedule upon returning was exhausting. He'd been in three states in the 48 hours before I joined him, and in the two days I was with him campaigned in over half of Wisconsin's 10 districts. It had all the trappings of the big-time – a privately chartered plane for press and staff, actor Warren Beatty for college introductions, Indian folk singer Floyd Westerman to add a touch of soul, Irish pol Matt Troy from Queens, good advance work, coteries of local backers everywhere to pin on buttons, pass out brochures, entertain the faithful over drinks and sandwiches while the Senator napped. Plus a bone-tired candidate.

A trip through Wisconsin with McGovern – from a state convention of the National Farmers Organization (NFO) in picturesque Black River Falls deep in the wooded, rural section of western Wisconsin to a party fundraiser in bustling Janesville near the Illinois border to a late night student rally in Madison to a cocktail party in an affluent neighborhood on Milwaukee's North Shore, with stops in between – points up one thing: how unfair it is to label this man a "one-issue" candidate. It would be hard to find anyone so versed in as many of the critical issues of the day, or with such a solid record of legislative advocacy.

NFO members and their wives, some 700 to 800, heard the clearest enunciation of their own problems that they're apt to get from a presidential candidate this round. He worried aloud about the "growing takeover of family farms by corporations," about predictions that the three million families on farms in 1970 will shrink to 600,000 by 1980, that the "parity ratio in 1971 is as bad as it was at the depth of the depression," that "rural America will be permanently changed as a way of life if people are forced off the land and pressed into the cities." He didn't use the term but he was talking about the threat of corporate feudalism, a very real danger to his audience. That night in Janesville, his speech to 300 party workers at a county fundraiser was a careful blend of traditional Democratic philosophy on economics – a full employment economy, tax inequities ("301 families earned over $200,000 and didn't pay a cent"), comprehensive health insurance – and McGovern's personal conviction on Indochina ("It doesn't justify the killing of one additional American soldier or even one additional Vietnamese"). Before a regional meeting of social workers in Milwaukee the next afternoon, he explained why he couldn't support the administration's Family Assistance Program (FAP) but, instead, had introduced the plan of the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO). Everywhere, he was well received. By the end of the trip, he had chalked up 11 full days in Wisconsin this year and he plans to spend many more before the primary next April.

To key McGovern aides, men like Frank Mankiewicz who learned his politics in Kennedy campaigns, "organization" is the key to a primary win. For instance, Robert Kennedy took California in 1968 largely becuase emotionally committed blacks and browns were turned out en masse. In contrast, McCarthy's well-disciplined middle-class devotees did the same thing in Oregon two weeks earlier. Today, McGovern has the best organization, in terms of commitment and numbers, in Wisconsin. But does it follow that this will win the state for him? After all, the Kennedy technicians didn't have to woo the black and brown votes in California. They were already completely won over. The organizers had only to get them to the polls. Does McGovern have much prospect of such a mass base in Wisconsin?

Let's start with the farmers. One of the minor mystiques on the East Coast cocktail circuit is McGovern's appeal to this vanishing breed in crucial Midwest primary states (Wisconsin and Nebraska). Certainly, he's earned their support as a champion of the family farmer. In South Dakota, he fashioned his first winning statewide coalition by carrying rural boxes 2-1, losing small towns 2-1 and breaking about even in the cities. But Wisconsin is an industrial state, with no more than 100,000 farmers. Add their wives, some children and retired grandparents and the farm vote in the state can't add up to more than 250,000, if that much, out of a potential vote of well over two million. They're not all liberal: the NFO and the National Farmers Union (NFU) probably don't reach more than half of them, although they do provide the liberal

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political activists in farm precincts. Gil Rohde, NFU state chairman, is actively supporting McGovern and NFO leaders, originally enamored of Hughes following his rousing speech to their national convention earlier this year, certainly find McGovern acceptable. But there's a hitch. Large numbers of Wisconsin farmers are of Polish or other Slavic heritage and may be attracted to one of their own – Muskie. The same problem exists in Nebraska. McGovern organizers say this isn't necessarily so, but there's a bit of wistfulness in their voices when they say it. Nor did McGovern ignite the NFO meeting. They gave him the semblance of a standing ovation, rising in small knots here and there until most were standing to applaud. But it wasn't spontaneous. Still, the potential for 100,000 McGovern farm votes in the primary may be there.

Of equal importance is the student vote. Wisconsin has more than 200,000 enrolled in two extensive state systems plus large numbers of prosperous small colleges. The competition for their vote could be intense if another candidate from the party's left (say McCarthy or Lindsay) enters the primary. Here, it is crucial to find *that* issue which is the cutting edge for them in 1972 and McGovern may have found it in his pledge to grant amnesty to all those young men who fled the country to avoid the draft (he specifically excludes deserters on grounds that each of these cases must be considered individually lest criminals be included, but with the proviso that he would be "compassionate" in dealing with these cases). His standard approach to student audiences is to say that his first act as chief executive would be to end the war and his second to grant amnesty. Often, he gets a standing ovation, not only on campuses but in antiwar strongholds such as the Boston suburbs. Even in Janesville before a party fund raiser, it was well received.

McGovern aides say three questions invariably arise on midwestern campuses – amnesty, marijuana (McGovern says "no one should go to jail for using marijuana" but declines to support legalization on grounds that all the evidence isn't in) and gay and women's liberation, which he says he supports. Contrast this with the three issues invariably raised with McCarthy by students as he campaigned the country in 1968: selective conscientious objection (he favored it), the firing of J. Edgar Hoover (he favored it) and of Lewis B. Hershey (he favored it). Today, Hershey is gone and it is assumed a candidate bidding for student support will echo McCarthy's sentiments on the other two.

Since the student vote may be decisive in many primary states, it's important to contrast McGovern's views with his potential competition for support on the left. The big threat, or so McGovern's nervous managers feel, would be from Lindsay. Everywhere you go with McGovern (and particularly in Wisconsin) talk eventually turns to Lindsay. What will he do? Well, what he'll do isn't clear but what he's said on amnesty is. He called it "unfair" in a California appearance, because many young men who did not approve of Vietnam answered the draft and others went to prison for their views. Muskie says only that the war must end before he'll move on that question. McCarthy's position, evolved in the 1968 campaign, is, as usual, a bit more complex. In 1968, he tied amnesty to selective conscientious objection, saying if the draft law were overhauled to include a CO on "rational as well as religious grounds" it would then be possible to allow those who have fled the country to return, take a CO and "put in their time in some other kind of civilian service that would test the genuineness of their position." On this basis, they would "no longer be draft dodgers."

McGovern, McCarthy and Lindsay are all drawing large student audiences wherever they go and Muskie has a substantial campus following. It would be folly, therefore, to hazard a guess as to which of the four would draw the most support. For instance, McCarthy is confident he can beat anyone in Madison, where 39,000 students are enrolled at the University of Wisconsin. McGovern aides scoff at this.

To support their claim that McGovern is moving into the forefront on campuses, his managers offer the results of a poll at the University of Florida (Gainesville), not exactly a hotbed of radicalism. Upwards of one-fourth of the student body participated and McGovern led the field with 873, followed by Nixon (677), Muskie (514), Kennedy (318), Lindsay (244), McCarthy (211), Bayh (177), Wallace (147), Chisholm (115), Harris (53), Agnew (48), Jackson (45), Nader (17) and Mills (14). The detractors claim it isn't an accurate gauge, because McGovern backers on campus hustled to get their supporters out. But no one else has come forth with a set of figures of his own.

Aside from the sheer size of the student vote and its general antiwar slant (shot through with apathy and frustration though it may be), it is also a prime recruiting ground for the huge numbers of volunteers every candidate will need. McGovern courted the student leadership early and, by the time Lindsay was ready to switch his affiliation to the Democratic party, had won the support of a broad enough base so that over 200 student-body presidents and editors signed a round robin letter asking Lindsay to stay out of the race and throw his support to McGovern. No such courtesy was afforded McCarthy.

One of the early goals of the McGovern strategy was to unite the army of antiwar activists who enlisted in the 1968 campaigns. It seemed a bit visionary. Not only were these activists bruised by defeat, but many hadn't given up their first love. Large numbers of followers of Robert Kennedy were ready to substitute his brother Ted (before Chappaquiddick, McGovern had put aside the idea of making a bid in 1972). Not until the spring of 1971, after Kennedy had repeatedly disavowed any intention of running next year and Mc-

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Carthy's intentions remained shrouded in mystery did a perceptible movement toward McGovern begin.

His stickiest problem has been the widespread suspicion that he is, in fact or in effect, a stalking horse for Ted Kennedy. It comes up everywhere. At a press conference in Janesville, McGovern disposed of it in this way: "I'm a good friend of Sen. Kennedy's but I'm not that good a friend. If you could just travel with me for a few days and see how hard we work, you wouldn't ask a question like that." Still, the doubts persist. Why? Some remember McCarthy's experience when Robert Kennedy entered the race. The next day, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. went on TV to tell everyone it was time to switch and a number of the old McCarthy hands did. Will it happen to McGovern? Mankiewicz, a member of Robert Kennedy's staff, says he won't switch. Mankiewicz says he talked to Ted Kennedy before joining McGovern and received the "distinct impression" he wouldn't be a candidate. He goes further and says "if it were not for Gallup and Harris, nobody would be talking about Kennedy."

What about a deadlocked convention demanding to be resolved by a Kennedy candidacy? There hasn't been one since the Democratic party tossed out the two-thirds rule in 1936. Nor is there apt to be one again. There is certainly a sprinkling of McGovern workers whose first loyalty will always be to a Kennedy and who would change hats in an instant. Barring that, where do they have to go? There may be an equal number of McCarthy devotees in the McGovern ranks, although Rick Stearns, a McCarthy man in 1968, talks in terms of "five or six."

The McGovern camp is pleased at the scarcity of residual animosity between McCarthy and Kennedy partisans and insists what was there is "rapidly disappearing." Mankiewicz says it's because "both men are gone," which will come as a surprise to the people working away on the second floor of the Capitol Hill Hotel, where McCarthy has his headquarters. To this, Mankiewicz adds, "the young don't hold grudges, which may be good news for LBJ and Nixon.

Despite any latent loyalties to other men, the fact remains McGovern has put together the best organization going at this stage of the game. He started early, worked harder and spoke out more often on the issues. Blair Clark, McCarthy's 1968 manager, signed up. So did June Oppen Degnan, a key McCarthy financial backer on the West Coast. Mankiewicz and Dick Wade came from the Kennedy ranks. At a local level, the Kennedyites came in larger numbers.

In New Hampshire, McGovern entered first, built slowly, eventually picked up the support of both national committee members and the bulk of the 1968 delegation along with four county chairmen. By the summer of 1971, he had 1000 volunteers signed up, almost preempting the party's left there.

Wisconsin isn't that good. Hughes was more attractive to much of the state leadership and, when he withdrew, they didn't flock to McGovern. As of this writing, Ted Warshafsky is organizing for McCarthy in Milwaukee, Don Peterson is about to join the Muskie camp, and State Rep. Midge Miller is still looking over the field, to name three top McCarthy workers in 1968. But at the county level, active McGvern committees are operating, carefully put together by Gene Pokorney (a McCarthy delegate from Nebraska in 1968 and a superb organizer) and blending peace activists who backed McCarthy in 1968 with NFU members and newly enfranchised students.

Once these three groups – farmers, activists and students – are identified, it gets more difficult to spot large sources of potential strength for McGovern. The two largest vote blocs in the traditional Democratic alliance in the industrial states haven't been touched – organized labor and the minorities.

McGovern's relations with the hierarchy of the AFL-CIO, having been chilly during the years he was one of the Senate's leading "doves" and a vocal opponent of such pet labor projects as SST, improved dramatically in August, and for one reason. Alone among the major contenders, McGovern's gut reaction to Phase I of President Nixon's new wage-price program was not only highly critical but paralleled that of AFL-CIO chieftain George Meany. Those were hard days for Meany and he looked around for friends. There stood McGovern. A 45-minute chat followed a few days later and, on Labor Day, McGovern was on Meany's list of four candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination who were "acceptable" to the AFL-CIO. Will it get him any votes? In Wisconsin and New Hampshire, probably very few. However, it will be worth it to him if he can ultimately escape being vetoed by labor.

Of more immediate importance to McGovern is Wisconsin, where he must do well. The Democratic primary vote is concentrated in the heavily populated urban areas in the southeast, not in the picturesque, rolling hills of rural western Wisconsin. A large segment of it is ethnic – Polish Catholic, to be exact. McGovern has not picked up any major union backing, although there are reports some of the key labor leadership in Milwaukee previously committed (privately) to Hughes will eventually wind up in the McGovern fold.

Wisconsin does not have the large concentrations of minority voters that other industrial centers have, although there is a considerable black vote in Milwaukee. There, McGovern has won the active backing among the 1000 members of NWRO because he's the chief sponsor of their bill calling for a $6500 minimum welfare payment for a family of four. A group of them, some wearing McGovern buttons, turned up at a reception for him in Milwaukee where he explained that while he introduced the bill, he thinks it's unrealistic to expect its passage. It's main effect, he

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said, will be to set a higher goal and possibly push up the figure finally accepted. The honesty of his answer seemed to satisfy the ladies.

On the national scene, the role of black and brown voters in the selection process is somewhat in doubt. In polls, their almost solid support for Kennedy is said to account for his strong showing, while at a leadership level there is a growing determination that their voice be heard through one of their own and not through a white candidate. The candidacy of Rep. Shirley Chisholm (D, NY), a very independent woman who claims support from both black and women's groups, could siphon off a substantial vote in early primaries. No one is sure how this would affect the chances of McGovern. Would NWRO members replace their McGovern buttons with Chisholm buttons or would the women in NWRO, who promise to become some of the toughest politicians around, chart a course independent of the rest of the black leadership in the country?

To build a successful coalition, more than a tightly knit organization and the "right" stand on issues is needed. Each voter can't be approached individually once McGovern has crossed the South Dakota line, so his success or failure will, in the end, depend on an ephemeral thing called "public image."

Right now, McGovern's public image isn't positive. Aside from the unfair impression he's a one-issue candidate, there's the picture of McGovern as some kind of "far-out radical," or as lacking in strength, toughness. Some predict a Goldwater-type disaster for the Democratic party if he's nominated, because the center will be alienated.

The "far-out radical" image is Agnewesque. Party regularity flows in McGovern's veins. He was one of the first to mount the podium in Chicago and stand, shoulder-to-shoulder before the cheering delegates, with Hubert Humphrey. Before the 1970 election, he traveled to Laramie, Wyo. to speak for Sen. Gale McGee (D), one of the few remaining Cold War liberals. He was returning a favor; McGee had spoken for him in a 1968 campaign film.

He dismisses the idea of the fourth party: "I guess I've just invested too much of my own sweat and blood in the Democratic party," he says. He could envision a time when he might not vote for a Democratic nominee, either abstaining or quietly voting for another. But leave the party? No!

Lately, McGovern has gone out of his way to reassure party pros that he's not to be feared. In an interview with the *Chicago Tribune* on Oct. 4, he described himself as "on pretty good terms with Mayor Daley" and said he would "have a chat with him" before he makes a decision on how deeply he'll get involved in the Illinois primary. He added, gratuitously: "I respect Daley's administration of that city. In spite of any differences we had at the 1968 Democratic convention, I admire the man as an extremely capable mayor. Furthermore, he is one of the mayors who have spoken out against the war, and he favors the party reforms."

More startling was his subsequent comment that he'd consider voting to confirm Sen. Robert Byrd (D, W.Va.) if the latter were nominated to the Supreme Court. He called Byrd a man who has "matured," a strange way of describing Byrd's efforts to impose the rule of a small mind on the Senate – from staffers to his colleagues – since he was named majority whip. The outcry must have been loud because McGovern promptly recanted, leading Muskie to quip at a Democratic National Committee luncheon that it was nice to have McGovern there so he could tell the committee "what his position is today." In good humor, McGovern replied it was "better to have a new position every day than to have none at all."

To convince outlanders their man has a chance, and is no amateur, McGovern's managers have been using City Councilman Matt Troy of Queens around the country. Troy is remembered as the organizer of pro-war demonstrations a few years back, and the man who climbed up to return the flag over city hall to full mast after Lindsay had it lowered to half mast during a Moratorium Day observance. Troy has since undergone a conversion. During the Wisconsin trip, he was presented at Janesville to assure the party regulars that Queens would deliver its 48 votes for McGovern and McGovern's men would come through with another 37 from the Bronx. Heady stuff in a small town in Wisconsin. The next day in Milwaukee, Troy was kind enough to acknowledge that the voters had to elect the delegates before they could be counted, and he lowered his estimate from Queens to 40 while fudging a bit on the Bronx.

For 10 of the last 12 years, McGovern has served in Congress; emotionally and intellectually he is wedded to the legislative process. He's on record supporting every sort of progressive legislation, whether in agriculture, civil rights, conservation, education, foreign policy, health, labor, nutrition. His speeches, like his record, are issue-centered. He talks about revising priorities but not about tearing down the system.

If there is a criticism of his record in this respect, it's that he hasn't given more attention to ripping away some of the accummulated institutional power, that he has hewed too closely to the traditional, liberal, big-government approach.

How would he deal with this accumulation of institutional power? For one thing, he would slash the funding of the military-industrial complex. Tax reform would be used to bring in added revenues. He likes the idea of moving non-hardware procurement out of the Pentagon into a civilian agency and, in fact, introduced legislation to accomplish this as a House member back in the fifties. Of the CIA, he says it's only doing what the White House wants and he'd take it out of operations and return the agency to its original purpose –

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collecting and analyzing intelligence. Not a very radical thought.

His rhetoric on gay and women's liberation, both of which he supports in principle, has not reached the level of his backers. He has made flat commitments to fill the first Supreme Court vacancy during his presidency with a woman and to give more women policy-level jobs throughout the government, including the cabinet. Not very radical. I asked if he agreed with the analysis of Gloria Steinem, a leader in the women's liberation movement and backer of McGovern (she has called him "the best white, male candidate available"). Miss Steinem traces the causes of Vietnam to the "masculine mystique" which requires male leaders to pursue agressive policies. McGovern, looking aside, agreed that Miss Steinem's analysis "might be correct," but he'd clearly be uncomfortable with her rhetoric.

Next to his "radical" image, McGovern's biggest liability is the feeling he doesn't project strength, that he's a "provincial," that he doesn't possess a room when he walks in nor incite fear or unrest in his colleagues. The personal commitment is there. But is the tough negotiator in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation? Using the gavel doesn't seem to appeal to his innate sense of fairness. On TV, he's at his best when the cameras catch him in a rare moment of anger. In short, he comes across as decent but unobtrusive and uncommanding.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment the McGovern office has had is his failure to move up steadily in the polls, separate himself from the pack of the also-runs. After 18 months of campaigning, his best showing is six percent preferred, although his name identification is now pushing 70 percent. This is hurting him badly, not only among party regulars but also in liberal-left ranks sympathetic to his views. The best way to illustrate this is to examine where Hughes' supporters went in the aftermath of his withdrawal. On the campuses, there was some shift to McGovern; some top money people also came to him. But the Hughes inner circle did not shift to McGovern. In Iowa, Hughes' leaders are moving toward Muskie (many of them party regulars who backed Kennedy in 1968).

In trying to cope with McGovern's failure to catch on with the mass of voters, his managers turned to gimmickry. One day he announced the war was no longer "the" issue; the economy was. Then he rushed off to Vietnam and returned to say the war was still an issue and he wouldn't stop talking about it so long as one boy was being killed. It only served to confuse.

There are obvious pluses. Funding is one. McGovern's early decision to raise as much of his money as possible from small contributors is paying off – $600,000 thus far. Enough is pledged on a monthly basis ($30,000) to fund his headquarters operation, thus freeing him from total reliance on big money sources in the early stages of the campaign and making it possible for him to earmark big contributions for the long, costly primary season. A New York group has pledged to raise $500,000 by Jan. 1, which should finance the first two or three primaries.

McGovern has clearly been helped by the dropout rate among left-of-center candidates – Hughes and Bayh, to be specific. To do well in the early primaries, McGovern will need to have the left side of the spectrum to himself, while Muskie occupies the middle and is besieged by one or more candidates on the right. If either McCarthy or Lindsay makes a major bid in the early primaries or if Senator Harris or Representative Chisholm catches on with a segment of McGovern's natural constituency, this strategy could blow up.

Barring total confusion, any candidate, to remain viable, will probably have to pick up at least a modest number of delegates in the first three primaries – New Hampshire, Florida and Wisconsin. McGovern will be in all three although he may select only a few districts in Florida, which is expected to be a major battleground for Muskie and Jackson.

A three-way fight may be shaping up in New Hampshire between McGovern, who has dreams of winning the state, Muskie, clearly the overwhelming favorite at this time, and Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, representing the party's right and backed by the Manchester *Union-Leader*. If Muskie is held below 50 percent, McGovern might come in a strong second, although a strong push by Yorty could drive votes to the middle (*i.e.* Muskie). A third-place showing would be disastrous for McGovern.

By selecting a few districts in Florida with heavy student, minority or antiwar constituencies, McGovern could pick up a handful of delegates, enough to keep the morale of his supporters from sagging.

A three-way fight in Wisconsin between McGovern, Muskie and Jackson would be ideal for McGovern. However, Sen. Proxmire is toying with the idea of making a bid himself. This would throw the race into confusion and, possibly, cost McGovern the strong showing he needs. McCarthy's loyalists are also organizing; they too could cost McGovern his chance of scoring big. The interest in Lindsay remains high, and Mrs. Chisholm is looking at Wisconsin. Against this field, if McGovern can pick up four or five districts (say Madison, a farm district or two, the suburban Milwaukee district where he's making headway among peace activists) he could emerge with a strong minority of the delegation.

In the kind of multi-candidate situation which may arise in the early primaries, McGovern's hopes lie in the depth of commitment of his supporters and the strength of his organization. From what I've seen their commitment and energy match his own and bring to mind the warning of Wisconsin's Don Peterson, a campaign aide to McGovern in one of his early races in South Dakota: "Everybody always underestimates George. Don't make that mistake."

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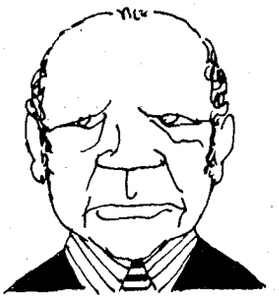

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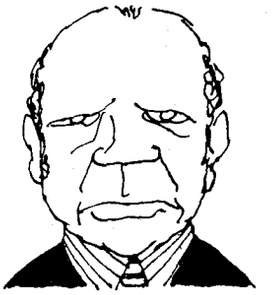

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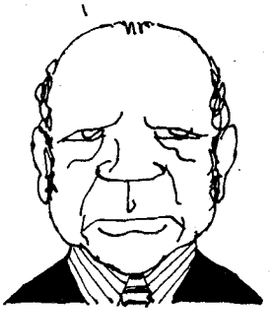

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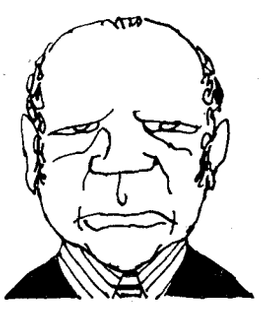

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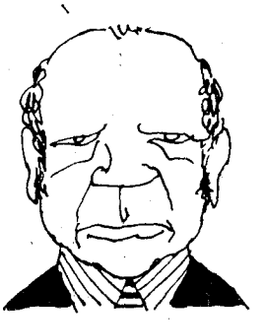

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IF MORE OF US WOULD BUY OUR OWN JUNK I COULD HAVE HAD MY RAISE THIS YEAR.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Thrills and Spills

The French Connection (20th Century Fox). Go see it – and take your viscera along. This thriller was made to grab your insides, and it does. It's the most exciting picture I've seen since Z, and it's not burdened with any ambition except to excite. Made with razor skills and a good sardonic sense of the film tradition it comes out of, it jets off from the beginning and, since in a way it's open-ended, it may still be going. You know while you're watching that it's just another cops-and-robbers but that it's *not* just another because it's so well done.

This time it's heroin smugglers out of Marseilles versus New York City detectives. The European and American settings are milked for contrasts, by the camera and the casting and the dialogue. Old-world streets, polished manners, and the sound of French versus Brooklyn bars, grimy cops, and broken-bottle dialogue. Near the end we get a chase – a car underneath the Brooklyn el, racing to catch an express train at the next station – that's the best since *Bullitt* (produced by the same producer) and more gaspy because there are some narrow escapes, so the incredibility is more credible. And the chase is exactly what we *want* at that point, it's the obligatory scene, just as we want the final shoot-out that follows shortly.

Why does this thriller outrun the run-of-the-mill? First, Ernest Tidyman's script (from a book by Robin Moore) is lean, hard and knowledgeable about characters who are knowledgeable about themselves. No bad guys against good guys, just black against gray. It's a script about cool modern professionals, each one good at his trade: pushing drugs, murdering people, or hunting people who push drugs. Without a lot of psychologizing about it, the script tells us that people have their pride: the pusher likes his cleverness, the chaser likes the chase.

William Friedkin cast and directed it to the (tightly clenched) teeth. I've disliked Friedkin's previous work, such as *The Birthday Party* and *The Boys in the Band*, because he seemed to be hopping all over his material so that we could see his footprints. The odd thing here is that, with material of small specific gravity, merely clever stuff, he is much less ostentatiously clever himself. One is never conscious of Friedkin sticking his face around the corner to grin at the camera, only of the story being whipped along.

Friedkin and Tidyman have a neat appreciation of the gangster-film tradition behind them. The mature ringleader has a young tootsie. (Louis Calhern and Marilyn Monroe in *The Asphalt Jungle.*) And there's lots of '30s gangster-film wryness. A Marseilles crook gets shot in his hallway on his return from shopping; the killer steps over his body, breaks off the end of the loaf that the dead man was carrying, and chews it as he departs. While two of the dope ring are lunching in a *luxe* New York restaurant, with vintage wines, two detectives are watching outside in the cold, stamping their feet and chewing pizza. When there's a fist-fight between the detectives themselves, it takes place against the background of a bloody car accident on a freeway where the detectives have gone to see their captain.

And the cynical ending – using a device that echoes Z – is exactly right for a film that wants the surprises of recognition, not of fantasy.

Of course, as in all thrillers, even the most realistic of them, there are unbelievable things. Apart from the chase, how can we believe that a fleeing sniper would run down the middle of a street where he's most likely to be seen? Or that a car, stripped to pieces by searching police, could be reassembled so perfectly that its very sharp owners would never suspect? (And so quickly!) The answer is that when the price is right, we're willing to pay it. We want to believe the far-fetched when we want to be fetched.

One very big reason that we believe is the acting. Fernando Rey, of Bunuel's *Tristana*, as the drug chief; Marcel Bozzuffi, who was the homosexual thug of *Z*, as his assistant; Gene Hackman, who was Clyde's brother in *Bonnie and C.*, as the principal detective, all endow their by-now conventional characters with life, because these actors know that conventional characters *have* lives. (By the way, there's a cat-and-mouse game in the Times Square shuttle station between Rey and Hackman that is worth the price of admission.)

And a bow to the editor, Jerry Greenberg. No slouch, he.

Some people, alas, are bound to take this picture as a demonic but profound statement of contemporary morality, as a manifestation of "true" cinema, etc., etc. Don't let all this prevent you from enjoying this spin-off from truly serious work. The Golden Age of Hollywood, like that of TV, was largely gilt, and *The French Connection* is as slick and shiny and enjoyable as much of the best of it.

Here, too, are three "serious" ones to avoid. *The Last Movie* (Universal) – not, I beg, to be confused with *The Last Picture Show* – is the only regrettable one in this trio because it messes up a good idea. An American film company makes a gory western in a remote Peruvian town. After they leave, one

(Continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. Jules Feiffer draws the US tail-chasing male with some wit, but it's two-dimensional cartooning. Mike Nichols and Jack Nicholson direct and perform well.

Desperate Characters. About today's "forgotten" people, the liberal bourgeoisie. Best film on this list, and best of Shirley MacLaine's career. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed.

The Go-Between. Thin story of a boy involved in a doomed love affair. 1900 England is exquisite to look at. Alan Bates OK as the man, Julie Christie NG as the woman. Joseph Losey directed, at the top of his fallible form.

The Hired Hand. A visual ballad of the Old West, as freedoms faced up to civilization. Sometimes arty, quite often art. Peter Fonda, the leading man, makes a fair directing debut.

The Last Picture Show. In Texas, 1951, a small-town youth comes somberly of age. Peter Bogdanovich's second film looks and sounds somewhat familiar but is very nicely done.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Just makes this list by virtue of Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue. John Schlesinger's film of a London hetero-homo triangle travels a long, seemingly purposeful way to very little. SK

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Novel #16

Fire Sermon
by Wright Morris

(Harper & Row; $5.95)

Wright Morris is now in his early sixties. His first novel, *My Uncle Dudley*, was published almost thirty years ago, which makes this, his latest novel, a milestone of sorts, a climacteric if not climactic work. It seems fitting, therefore, that in *Fire Sermon* Morris has in a sense revisited his first novel, for both stories concern an eastern voyage of a boy and his uncle in a jalopy, an eastern voyage which is, like so many of Morris's tales, a parabolic curve into the heart of the West, from California backtrailing into the territory of the Territories – the Great Plains. As Morris himself has noted in one of the most perceptive studies of American literature written by an American novelist, the Territory Ahead in American fiction is usually the Territory Behind – the Past. But it is also, for Morris, a Past which connotes danger, the nostalgic trap, a Bad Lands of cultural detritus. Visits there often involve the kind of potlatch which Thoreau recommended, a ritual burning of tribal trash, for if Wright Morris has the magical clarity of realism of an Andrew Wyeth, so also is he lifted by a transcendental purity of vision, his compassion for humanity absolutely dry of sentimentality, as clean, pure, and just as the blue western sky under which he was born.

My Uncle Dudley happens to be a favorite of mine, though now imperfectly recalled, indistinct as any other fifteen-year old memory. Long out of print, the novel is virtually unobtainable today at any price, and when the Wright Morris *Reader* appeared last year, I was sorry to see that *My Uncle Dudley* wasn't included entire. *Fire Sermon* may serve to explain why, a revision designed to replace the original version, which concerned the adventures of a boy and an Uncle and an ancient touring car, as they made their way eastward from California, a voyage which ends as I recall on the Texas Panhandle, where the boy is left, alone but transformed by his experience into a man. I don't remember what happened to the Uncle, but I believe that it was not particularly important. Uncle Dudley is the wrapper of transformation, the duds, the cocoon whose only purpose is to protect and nourish the emerging imago. So is the Uncle Floyd of *Fire Sermon*. The "Uncle" relationship is indicative of the role, which is that of some benevolent Falstaff, a gruffly affectionate intermediary between the sheltering parent and the indifferent world. In both stories, for example, the Uncle is a moral arbiter, passing severe judgments on the people the two voyagers encounter, including hitchhikers they pick up along the way – salami-eating vulgarians in *My Uncle Dudley*, hairy hippies in *Fire Sermon*.

In *My Uncle Dudley*, however, the bohemians are picked up early on and then bumped at the first opportunity, whereas in *Fire Sermon* the boy is left at the end in the company of the hippies, who are brought into the story at a relatively late moment in the narrative, which for the first half is concerned with the life the boy leads with his uncle in a California trailer park south of San Francisco. The boy's parents have been killed in an auto accident, and he has been placed with one of two surviving relatives, an aging, grumbling, anarchic, anachronistic bachelor who makes a meagre living as a school-crossing guard and maintenance man around the trailer park, where the two live in an ancient, home-made trailer parked next to an equally ancient, long-stored Maxwell. Weekly letters for the boy arrive from his other relation, Floyd's sister Viola, a reclusive old maid who lives on the family home-place in Nebraska, full of personal and religious advice. The Uncle insists on reading these to the twelve-year-old boy, and imparts generous loads of his own aphoristic wisdom as well.

The boy, like most boys, does not come through as much of a character in his own right. Like the boy in *My Uncle Dudley*, he serves mostly as a foil for Uncle Floyd, who is clearly intended as a Portrait of a Superannuated Wasp. Unfeelingly, Uncle Floyd calls all younger males "boy," including a smoldering, black check-out clerk in a supermarket. He is "out of it," and the boy knows it. Floyd particularly hates hippies, who in turn fascinate his nephew, who is drawn to them for reasons not perfectly clear to himself. If, in *Huckleberry Finn*, we are presented with the contrasting Worlds of the Raft and the Riverbank, in *Fire Sermon* we have the World in the Trailer and the World in the Supermarket, which is generally depicted by Uncle Floyd as going to hell in a handcart. Yet the boy shares imperfect sympathies with his uncle, and feels attracted to the chief symbols of his hatred. Both he and Uncle Floyd are products of rural, agrarian, even frontier America, and share a raft of mutual innocence, but boy, clearly, is tempted by what he sees along the banks.

The narrative takes an important turn when word arrives of the death of Aunt Viola, making it incumbent upon Uncle Floyd to return to Nebraska and settle her estate. He decides to revive the Maxwell, and with trailer in tow, sets off Eastward at about thirty miles an hour, a bizarre parade-float of antiquity, on a 1,948 mile journey. Early on, they pass the hippie couple hitching east, whom the uncle naturally refuses to pick up, but they encounter the same couple again and again, the boy a dark, sullen, bearded "Weatherman," the girl a dreamy, lovely vision in lavender hose. The exertions of the voyage begin to tell on Uncle Floyd, and he eventually succumbs to the hitchhikers, in part out of the natural goodness of his heart – they are standing numb with cold out on the prairies – and in part because he has grown used to them by now, and perhaps even senses he will need them later on. With the Jesus-Christly (but hardly saintly) and the Mary Magdalene-like hippies aboard, the trailer world is radically altered, and the process of birth has begun. Endings are an author's most precious possession, and I do not intend to give Wright Morris's away, aside from remarking that it is at once the same as and yet markedly different from the ending, as I recall it, of *My Uncle Dudley*.

In short, this is vintage Wright Morris fiction, with the familiar devices of journey, trial, initiation, emergence, a venture which is a return into a past which holds the future. It is Morris's parable, but it is also a parable central to the American experience and to American literature, for the best American writers are also in a certain sense critics, whose works bear a consciousness of tradition.

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Morris *is* a traditional novelist, of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant breed, a tradition which has always put a high importance on artistic and moral integrity. He is, moreover, something of a mystic as well. Morris's journeys customarily start out in the real world, but ultimately lead into a field of vision, a territory filled with the light of acknowledgement if not recognition, an awareness of change, movement, the inexorable mystery of process, of growth. Low-keyed, his fictions are of the nature of meditations, not epiphanies, and for that reason perhaps have not gained him the reputation which more "exciting" – and more ephemeral – writers have achieved. He remains a writer's writer, in all senses a "Wright," a "maker," a craftsman, which is not such a bad thing after all, so far as destinies go. Quiet men and quiet books have a way of enduring after the buzz and sweat of sensation has cooled.

Those readers familiar with Morris's works will welcome *Fire Sermon*. Readers who seek first acquaintance might do well to start with this novella, which is in so many ways an epitome not only of Morris's themes, but of a certain quality in American literature which, like Uncle Floyd and his Maxwell, has a certain moral grandeur that cannot be bought for any price, but must be earned.

John Seelye

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Launcher of 50 Ships

Man From The Valley by Francis Pickens Miller

(University of North Carolina Press; $8.75)

Most people, I suppose, would consider Francis Pickens Miller a casualty of the American political process. Briefly elected to the Virginia House of Delegates before the Second World War, he returned from high-powered war service with the OSS to run, first, in 1949 for governor of Virginia and, then, in 1952 to take on the redoubtable Harry Byrd for his US Senate seat. In each case – not surprisingly, given the brute might and lack of scruple of the Byrd machine – he lost (though in his first race against the Byrd *apparatchik*, John Battle, only by an astonishingly small margin). Colonel Miller never ran for elective office again; nor did he ever receive the patronage consolation that is sometimes offered unsuccessful office-seekers whose only crime was that they were ahead of their time.

As the outstanding liberal in Virginia politics, he was not only rebuffed by Adlai Stevenson ("the deepest political wound I ever received") but also curtly snubbed by the Kennedys. The nearest, in fact, he ever got to the New Frontier was an appointment (owed exclusively to Chester Bowles) as a Special Assistant in what is probably the least seriously taken of all State Department bureaus – that presided over by the Assistant Secretary for Cultural and Educational Affairs. Even this minor post – which he correctly describes as constituting "neither recognition nor reward as these are understood on the American political scene" – Francis Miller forfeited during the Johnson era. It was finally left for President Nixon to inflict the ultimate humiliation when in his first year of office, in a signal act of meanness, he summarily removed him from membership of the Bicentennial Commission.

To most people, therefore, a liberal martyr – but one with a difference. For Francis Pickens Miller – the Virginian gentleman who declined to be a Bourbon – has also had that rarest of all rewards: the opportunity of seeing virtually everything he fought for come to pass. The Byrd Machine against which he broke his political wings has been smashed; despite the Richmond papers, the Commonwealth of Virginia did finally adjust to the 20th century; and, perhaps most miraculous of all, today his own son sits in that splendid state capitol at Richmond as Virginia's Attorney-General and the highest Democratic office-holder in the state.

Never can the blood of a martyr have been quite so demonstrably the seed of the church. And for Francis Miller that is surely the right phrase. For politics, though it was certainly a consuming passion, was never his only love. In some senses a medieval rather than a modern man, all his life he has consciously sought to serve both church and state. Indeed, the first third of this collector's piece of autobiography is hardly concerned with politics at all. One of the pioneers of the ecumenical movement, all Francis Miller's youthful efforts (from the moment he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford) were directed towards promoting the unity of Christendom – at first as a paid official and then the honorary chairman of the World Student Christian Federation. But just as he brought his own standards to politics, so he insisted on being his own man in the often murkier world of the church's polity. Never seduced by fashionable evangelists, whether in his youth by Frank Buchman or much later on by Billy Graham, he may at times have seemed to play almost a peripheral role, even in his own Presbyterian church. But as in politics, so in religion. He lost his battle in the 1950s to reunite the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches in the US (mainly on grounds of racial prejudice in the latter) but lived to see his own grandson baptized in his second son's church in Florida by a black minister.

Yet it would be wrong to present Francis Pickens Miller as a man who was always vindicated after the event. At least once, far from being a peripheral figure, he played a very central role. If it had nothing else to offer – and it has a lot – this book should be required reading for every student of politics, if only for the account it gives of what

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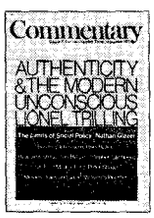

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must be one of the most dramatic and successful pressure-group operations ever undertaken in the history of American politics. In 1940, after the Fall of France, Britain had one overriding need: more naval destroyers with which to protect the convoys on which her lifelines depended. It was known that the US, not yet at war, had 50 ships which technically could be made available. But President Roosevelt, always alert to the public mood, ruled that such a gift or even purchase was, for the moment, "politically impossible." Francis Miller had other ideas, and in one of the few moments of immodesty in this autobiography, he records: "We sent him (the President) word that we were going to make it possible for him to act." I doubt myself if Roosevelt took the message very seriously. But if that was the case, he soon discovered his mistake. In no time at all Francis Miller and his Century Group (including such varied figures as Henry Luce, Joe Alsop and Allen Dulles) had organized a broadcast by General Pershing calling for the delivery of the destroyers, a guarantee by Roosevelt's opponent in the 1940 election, Wendell Willkie, that he would not denounce any such deal, and, by a copy-book campaign aimed at the press, had created a climate of opinion that made the offer of the destroyers not so much "possible" as inevitable. FDR may have got the British government's thanks: it was Francis Miller who deserved its gratitude.

The author describes it as "probably the most useful work I have ever done." No one, least of all an Englishman, need quarrel with that verdict. But even an outsider may perhaps be allowed to regret that a man of such commanding gifts should never really again have been fully stretched. That, however, was the Commonwealth of Virginia's loss – and the United States': Francis Miller never allowed it to be his own. An exceptional man, he has written a wholly exceptional book. More illustrious figures may not envy him his career. But they can hardly avoid acknowledging his memorial.

Anthony Howard

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT WOODS KENNEDY *is an architect in Cambridge, Mass. Writer* RICHARD MARGOLIS *lives in Georgetown, Conn.* JOHN SEELYE'S *second novel,* The Kid, *is being published by Viking early in 1972.* JOHN WILTON *is editor and publisher of* The Green Mountain Post.

Racism Forever

A Man's Home, a Man's Castle by Kenneth G. Weinberg

(McCall; $4.95)

The events Kenneth Weinberg recounts occurred almost half a century ago, yet the details seem thoroughly contemporary.

Early in the summer of 1925 Dr. Ossian Sweet, a 30-year-old graduate of Howard University medical school, bought a modest house in Waterworks Park, an all-white neighborhood in Detroit. He and his wife Gladys planned to move there with their infant daughter in September. As is common in such cases, the Sweets far "outclassed" their neighbors, most of whom were first-generation immigrants who had come to Detroit in order to work for Henry Ford. These people had not, heretofore, displayed the slightest community sentiment; but now they organized a Waterworks Improvement Association, held mass meetings and applauded demagogues who transformed private anxieties into public dicta, e.g.: "Where the nigger shows his head, the white must shoot." Suddenly Waterworks Park was a together community. Alinsky could have done no better.

One gathers that the show of civic pride left Sweet nonplussed but not overly concerned. There appears to have been something in his character – a core of artlessness, perhaps – which allowed him for a time to see no evil. In his dealings with the white community he was a black innocent abroad. Nothing in Sweet's middle-class background suggested "that he was interested in anything more than buying a decent home for himself and his family. . . . He was not trying to prove anything" – at least not at the beginning. But by September, like a Hemingway hero, Sweet had reluctantly concluded that he could either "die like a man or live like a coward."

He went out and purchased nine guns – six revolvers, two rifles and a double-barreled shotgun – and distributed them to black friends and relatives who had offered to help him defend his home. Then he notified the police that he and his family were moving in on September 8 and he expected protection. "He was not encouraged by the response," says Weinberg. "The police suggested that perhaps trouble could be avoided if Sweet were to live in another neighborhood. . . ."

The mob materialized in front of the Sweets' house on schedule, shouting "nigger" and throwing rocks at the window. It was a typical segregationist showdown – about 300 angry whites vs. eleven frightened blacks. But the blacks were armed, and as the mob edged closer someone inside the house fired into the crowd. A white man was killed instantly.

The police, who had done nothing to disperse the mob, now went to work. They arrested all eleven adults in the house on charges of first degree murder. As Clarence Darrow later described the incident to the jury: "These men were taken to the police station. Gentlemen, there was never a time that these black men's rights were protected in the least; never once. They had no rights – they are black."

Darrow, career-weary after his Scopes-trial victory in Tennessee, had been persuaded by Walter H. White of the NAACP to postpone retirement and defend the Detroit blacks. (Today we would probably call them the Sweet Eleven.) It was a good choice. During the trial Darrow kept hammering away at the one topic his opponents hoped to suppress. "Every one of you are white, aren't you?" he asked the jury. "At least you all think so. We haven't one colored man on the jury. We couldn't get one."

Again: "I say that no American citizen unless he is black, need wait until an angry mob sets foot upon his premises before he kills." And again: "Now, gentlemen, I say you are prejudiced. But they tell me there is no race prejudice and it is plain nonsense, and nothing else. Who are we, anyway?. . . .We are not very much but a bundle of prejudices. . . ."

In the end the jury was deadlocked. And in the retrial all the defendants were acquitted. So justice triumphed in the Sweet case, just as it triumphed in recent Black Panther trials in New York,

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New Haven and elsewhere. Meanwhile, the Sweet Eleven spent months in jail and endured two years of anguish. Then as now, our judicial system was able to protect citizens from outrageous convictions but not from phony or vengeful indictments.

That much is clear, but where do we go from there? Weinberg, a writer enraged, chooses to go nowhere; or, more precisely, he views the Sweet case as a dead end, as proof positive of our moral recalcitrance. In a chain of annoying digressions he argues that absolute racism has corrupted us absolutely. He dredges up the Dred Scott decision, John Brown's body and even the Tonkin Gulf Resolution to bolster his argument.

That is interesting but it is not very helpful. Nowadays the mob is but a minor instrument of segregation. Far more important and more sophisticated are the institutions and their respectable handmaidens – the bankers, the realtors, the land speculators – who have a significant stake in segregation. The historic Supreme Court decisions and civil rights legislation of recent years, which in their aggregate have "banned" all types of discrimination in housing, have left these institutions virtually untouched. It is a fact, as Weinberg makes clear, that Detroit is even more rigidly segregated today than it was in Dr. Sweet's time.

Yet today's laws would have protected Ossian Sweet and his family, even if many of today's policemen would not. (And even in law enforcement the situation has improved. Detroit's police force is 15 percent black, a gain of 11 percent since 1967.) Moreover, today's urban ambience, in which black power is a political factor, would have rendered any indictment unlikely and any conviction unthinkable.

In bad times such as ours it is not modish to suggest that things may be getting better. But aren't they? From Yazoo to Ypsilanti the races are starting to mingle, however slowly, however reluctantly.

Richard Margolis

Eden Lost

The Invasion of Compulsory Sex-Morality by Wilhelm Reich

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux – Hardcover, $10.00; paper, $3.45.)

Wilhelm Reich died in a US jail, but any other country would have had an equal interest in trying to suppress his ideas. He is concerned with nothing less than the fall from the garden of Eden, the present book examining the repression of our natural sexuality, the historical processes and economic causes of our current predicament. Everyone must have asked themselves at some time *why* everyone has within them desires and longings for which there seems to be no avenue for expression: the need for loving relationships with people, what Reich calls the genital embrace. Yet it seems that such relations are only permitted within the relative prison of marriage; society does its very best to prevent easy sexuality on the part of its members. Reich argues convincingly that the reason we are *all*, rich and poor, male and female, alike prevented from being who we are is simply to protect property rights.

Reich reaches this conclusion from many different directions; from arguing from simple common sense to careful examination of life in primitive tribes. On the most basic level our two most basic daily needs are for food, and for sexual gratification. Society attempts to prevent any form of simple, natural sexual activity outside of marriage with the inevitable result that by the time the partners reach marriage they are already, relatively speaking, sexual cripples and are unable to be their genital selves even within marriage; man and wife spend most of their time apart serving the state, the husband working for and the wife consuming its products.

Reich finds the origin of the marriage institution in the development of patriarchal society. Primeval society is matriarchal: in the natural order of things the mother is solely responsible for the welfare of the children. Freer sexuality and uncertainty of paternity mean that in more primitive societies descent is bound to be matrilineal. It is as the office of clan head or chieftan develops that the marriage institution is needed so that the chief knows who his sons are so as to be able to transmit his

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wealth to them, thus making possible the accumulation of wealth, and the development of a division in society between the wealthy and the workers. Thus, for complex reasons and over a long period of time we have repressed sexuality in favor of owning property, which some have and others work for.

The tenor of Reich's work is optimistic: "... Suppressive sexual morality intruded into primeval society at some point and will at some future time disappear from human society." Perhaps in the increasing recognition of marriage as a temporary liaison are the seeds of a new and far-reaching revolution which will connect us at our present stage of evolution with our ancient past.

John Wilton

Notable

The King Makers by Leonard Lurie

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $7.95)

On the night of July 9, 1952, while nominating Robert Taft, Everett Dirksen suddenly pointed a finger at Tom Dewey, two-time GOP standard bearer who'd whittled down his ambitions and settled for the role of king maker. "We followed you before," shouted Dirksen, "and you took us down the path to defeat." Chicago police suppressed the fist fights and made other breaches in the turbulence that succeeded Ev's assault on Dewey and the Eastern Establishment, but no one could restore the status quo. Inadvertently Dirksen had raised up powerful enemies, left Taft's cause in ruins, and put the Republican nomination within Eisenhower's easy grasp.

Lurie was a reporter at the Republican convention, young, endlessly curious, enormously sensitive. But he never got inside the smoke-filled rooms where the king makers order people's lives and his story is mostly about the would-be kings, including General MacArthur, Governors Stassen of Minnesota and Warren of California, and a thirty-nine-year-old eager to sacrifice anything and anybody to pull down the Vice-Presidential nomination—Senator Richard Nixon. Nixon was pledged to support Warren, but he shrieked so enthusiastically whenever Warren's name popped up that cynics expected (and got) a betrayal. Pondering these furious rivalries, Lurie discovers something symbolic in the slaughterhouse odors that wafted into the convention hall. Taft, for instance, forged a brief alliance with Joe McCarthy. Eisenhower, his nomination salted away, nevertheless endorsed the Wisconsin senator. And keynote speaker MacArthur accused Truman of treason and Socialism.

Though scholars will cavil at Lurie's failure to footnote his sources, readers of *The King Makers* will find a reasonable objectivity, a freedom from the egocentricities of the New Journalism, and a gift for bringing minor and major figures alike into clear focus.

London War Notes 1939-1945 by Mollie Panter-Downes

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10)

Unlike the Vietnam affair World War II is apparently a war that Americans want to read about. At least the publishers think so, and are producing tons of new matter about it. Yet nothing so far has been more evocative of the spirit of that war than the old columns written from London during the war for *The New Yorker* by Mollie Panter-Downes. What she tells us – or what she reminds those of us who once knew – is that WW II was, for the victors, a war without the disillusionments of either WW I or Vietnam.

The bombings of London, Coventry and the rest are apt to be forgotten by the American young who are brought up to be pained by their own country's leadership in saturation bombing, and who read Vonnegut on Dresden rather than accounts like this. Mollie Panter-Downes provides detailed shots of a people who lived defensively for about three years, taking daily poundings from those who would subsequently be pounded, and achieving in that time an extraordinary sense of national unity and purpose. Here is the Tight Little Island *motif* bravely played. Slow at the beginning, the pace picks up as the tide of battle turns. The North African invasion provides "the biggest wave of national emotion since Dunkirk"; the pubs run out of beer early when the Germans surrender on Cape Bon; and of course V-E day itself is an occasion for gloriously deserved sentiment, with Winnie and his "little old lovely bald ead" (as a drunken cockney put it) in the center of the stage. Yet the most touching moment may come only six pages before V-E Day when she reports the shock of the news of FDR's death: "Elderly people with long memories say that they remember no such dazed outburst of grief over the death of any other foreign statesman. . . .Trying to realize that this disaster has happened, and trying not to think what it may mean to the world, has temporarily clouded the feeling that the sun is very nearly shining."

Nixon in the White House by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

(Random House; $8.95)

Here we have proof, if any be needed, that really good books about Presidents in mid-term are not possible. The modern standard for such books remains Robert J. Donovan's *Eisenhower* (1956). Written by a first-rate reporter with maximum help from the incumbent President, even it was flawed by the necessary reticence of the subject and his associates. The columnist-authors of this book, Evans and Novak, are masters of "inside" journalism, the kind that relies essentially upon confidence in the veracity of officials who, in their own interest or in the supposed interest of their chiefs, are willing to talk out of school to favored reporters. The result at its best, and here as in the Evans-Novak newspaper column we have the best, is a perceptive and just characterization of "the shrouded, brainy, brooding, contradictory man" in the Oval Office – his ambivalence; the fantastic inefficiencies of planning, programming, coordination that his preoccupation with staff structure and efficiency actually produces – but an account that, some intriguing details aside, any regular reader of an adequate newspaper must already know and sense. The authors are no closer to the hidden "Nixon in the White House" than anybody else in their Trade has been able to get.

Also a frantic effort, with inserts and footnotes, to keep the book updated into the fall of 1971 mars the whole. Evans and Novak are outstanding when they examine the interplay of politics and policy (as in their excellent account of Nixon's civil rights performance), but they are at their worst when they try to compete between hard covers with yesterday's *New York Times*.

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The Unknown Mayhew, by Eileen Yeo and E. P. Thompson

(Pantheon; $12.50)

In the nineteenth century England was the world's richest, strongest nation, and consequently London the world's most important city – all of which meant precious little to thousands and thousands of men, women and children, who lived in utter squalor, while nearby, no doubt, the conquest of yet additional territory was considered, and a great civilization celebrated its achievements. As for the English universities, they were not taken in by Victorian pomp and circumstances; they wanted the nation's upper class youth to know what Greece and Rome were like – and certainly if the subject of contemporary England ever came up at all, there were no sociologists or urban "specialists" or social historians around to tell those students, those future leaders, what was happening nearby to their own countrymen. Yet in 1849 or 1850 perhaps a lot of England's aristocrats learned about such matters in other ways; perhaps a few of them went and looked for themselves – or simply read the pages of the *Morning Chronicle*. For over a year (from October 19, 1849 to December 12, 1850) Henry Mayhew wrote long "letters" to that paper, and the result was a milestone in the history of social reportage. A brilliant, erratic, persistent man, possessed of a social conscience tempered by wit, charm, and a sense of the dramatic, Mayhew had a keen interest in people and places one of his class did not usually seek out. He came from a well-to-do family, and was a member of London's literary set; and in fact he edited *Punch* for a while. He also had a real gift for getting others to talk; he could capture their every word, the many sides of their personalities, the daily struggles they wage, the hopes they dare entertain, the fears they cannot shake off. The result was an extraordinary series of documents. Merchant seamen, wood-workers, hatters, boot and shoe makers, weavers, toy-makers, tailors, needlewomen – Mayhew got to know them all.

Britain's distinguished historian E. P. Thompson and his co-editor Eileen Yeo have written substantial introductions, so that we get a good idea what sort of life Mayhew lived, how and under what circumstances he went about doing the work, the extensive interviewing behind the long, fact-crammed reports he wrote, and what he hoped to accomplish as a social investigator. But the heart of the book remains Mayhew's account of the working men and women he met. Over and over again they jolt the reader; they are so clever, canny, open and decent. All they wanted was a kinder world for themselves and their children, a world in which enough food and decent housing were available – not to mention work that didn't crush the worker, and paid him or her a respectable wage. Mayhew knew that such a world would have been mighty, imperial England's real triumph, the finest jewel Victoria's crown could possibly possess. Yet the men who ruled had other ideas, other visions. It is an old story, and one by no means unfamiliar to us in this century.

Nations in Darkness: China, Russia and America by John Stoessinger

(Random House; $6.95)

Nations in Darkness is not nearly the searching exposure of myth in foreign policy that it could have been. Dr. Stoessinger confines himself to stolidly recounting ten episodes in America's diplomatic relations with Russia and China. It bears out one modestly accurate but hardly novel thesis: that "the struggles between the United States and Russia were not waged solely on the basis of objective reality. They were also fought in the realm of imagery and illusion."

That is not in doubt. What we need is a thorough exegesis of the mythology, this craving of statesmen and their publics for foreign devils and mirror images. Since Freud and Adorno, much good research has gone into the kind of paranoia that fuels the authoritarian personality. But there seems to be a fundamental sickness to the political imagination that few political scientists try to diagnose. Who, for example, is responsible for the way nations misperceive each other – the enlightened diplomatic elite or the superstitious, bogey-ridden masses? On this kind of question Stoessinger is silent.

He argues well that national stereotypes can become self-fulfilling prophecies. Wilson and Lenin saw only what they wanted to see of each other. John Foster Dulles' fantasies about the Kremlin were valid because he acted as if they were valid. Stoessinger almost broaches

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the Pirandellian idea that the reality of international politics is whatever we say it to be. But objective events do exist and do restrain our image-making. The Korean war did not make our anti-Communist rhetoric less reckless, but it did make us more careful about escalating the war in Vietnam.

The rest of the book is another harangue on the American national character and the dangers of self-delusion. Our well intentioned benevolence, our Wilsonian innocence, our Dulles crusader complex – all the usual whipping boys of tough minded political scientists. Stoessinger believes that Americans tend to read personal factors such as trust and friendship into the foreign policy of other nations, and that these rosy friendships quickly turn bitter when other nations "betray" us. Our salvation, it seems, is to sterilize our imaginations and cling to the insipid and the factual in a world of shadows.

It is a bad season for this book to appear. Since the Pentagon Papers, we are less alarmed by the misperceptions of American foreign policy than by its moral ambiguity. Stoessinger in any case is rather vague on how we might fight the shadows and illusions that swoop in from abroad. At one point he resorts to maudlin generalities about a new "sober" humanism in international relations – "a kind of empathy that flows from the knowledge in one's mind that ultimate tragedy is truly possible and from the subsequent realization in one's heart that all men – in their brief and precarious journey through life – are truly brothers."

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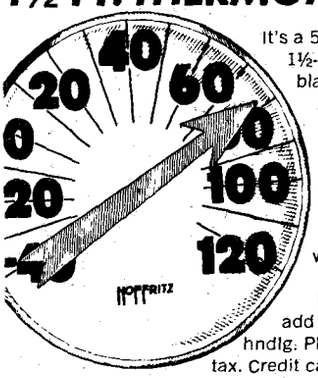

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Reconsiderations

The Natural House

The Natural House
by Frank Lloyd Wright

New York, Horizon Press, 1954.
221 pages, illustrated. Still in print, $7.50.

When I was going to architectural school, in the late twenties and early thirties, first the Beaux Arts and then Harvard, I was in a constant state of frustration. My teachers seemed vacuous conservatives, the curriculum antediluvian. Both schools were foundering in soggy eclecticism. They appeared to have nothing to do with the depressed present, let alone with any foreseeable future. In an attempt to fill this vacuum, I started a series of scrap books devoted to the work of the then emerging architects, including van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Lubetkin, Charreau, Breuer, Aalto and Gropius. I clipped pictures and plans of their work as it appeared in the magazines.

At the start I did not include Frank Lloyd Wright. His work seemed Victorian, bombastic and idiosyncratic. But when pictures of his own house in Spring Green, Wisconsin (Taliesen, built in 1925), began to appear, I was intrigued and, with the uneasy feeling of being in the grip of a romantic aberration, I started to clip some of his work, too.

I also began to read bits and pieces by and about him, and, whenever possible, to go to his lectures. His criticisms of the status quo were compelling. His diatribes against architectural schools (particularly Harvard), our cultural sterility, stylistic eclecticism, land subdivision practices, the inadequacies of engineers, contractors, building codes, mortgagors, and the prevailing house were mirrored in my own thoughts. But what I craved was something positive, if only a few helpful hints.

They were there, but not in as unalloyed a form as the criticisms. His insistence on the need for more mechanization in the building process, with a consequent need for a new, appropriate kind of design, was prophetic. His specific suggestions seemed unimaginative, if not hidebound. His essays on "The Nature of Materials" (a misnomer) were confused, but stimulating. His desiderata for clients were perceptive, but patronizing. His thoughts on what an ideal house, the "Usonian Home" (after Samuel Butler) should be like had great appeal, but were marred by such idiosyncracies as his dislike of closets. His thoughts on the proper heights for buildings, and on siteing, seemed sometimes splendid, sometimes attitudinous.

It also became apparent that he was a galloping egomaniac. Nearly every paragraph he wrote contains some self-serving element, and far, far too many are more or less pure self adulation. He placed himself (twice in this book) as the third man on a totem pole: Lao Tse – Christ – Wright. He takes time out to put down Einstein as toying with "... the far less pressing and practical matter of 'Relativity'..." than his, Wright's concerns. The only artist mentioned by name is Beethoven, with the thought that "... Architecture is like Music in this capacity for the symphony." Frozen music?

Wright vehemently denied that he himself had any architectural antecedents, with the uneasy exception of "Lieber Meister" (Louis Sullivan), the only architect mentioned by name here. "Textbook for me? 'The book of creation.'" He also insisted that every new idea of the time derived from himself, and that all other well known architects were ununderstanding plagiarists of his work. He extolled some deathless words of his own published in 1908, wrote that "some 15 or 20 years later a Swiss (in France) was to rediscover a familiar preliminary aesthetic..." and ended the paragraph, "... in my own work the ideal of an organic architecture as affirmation had gone far beyond that belated negation that was at work in Europe itself."

He inveighed against all architecture, ancient and modern. This led me to believe he was that not too rare anomaly, an architect without a taste for architecture, and that as a result he was quite ignorant of it. French mediaeval buildings abound in splendid examples of concepts he claimed to have discovered,

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and which he extolled in his own work. He seemed to hate the fact that ". . . .those who profess the 'modernistic'" were struggling with exactly the same problems he was. He spurned them.

His remarks about clients are spurning-wooing; " . . . sometimes they get this [what they want] but sometimes they do not – it depends on the good proportions of the design as a whole." This negated the architect's finest role. His real reason for being is to get his client *exactly* what he needs, in beautiful proportions.

A similar kind of imposition on others had to do with scale. "Taking a human being for my scale, I brought the whole house down in height to fit a normal one – ergo five foot, eight and a half inches tall, say. This is my own height." A dangerous flight of egomania. Once, walking through a door in "Fallingwater" (the Kaufmann house), I cracked my skull on the door frame and half fell into a cocktail party, in great pain, and covered with blood. I am four and a half inches taller than he was.

Wright's prose style is nearly unbearable. For example ". . . Classic architecture knew only the post as an *upright.* Call it a column. The classics knew only the beam as a *horizontal.* Call it a beam." Or "I now propose an ideal for the architecture of the machine age, for the ideal American building. Let it grow up in that image. The tree." He is endlessly repetitive, often contradictory, full of grandiose promises, ". . . Culture now." Each of his small pieces is a mish mash of several elements, and thus confusing. He is consciously Messianic, out to recruit disciples and votaries: "A group of young Chicago architects were gathered about me as disciples and friends in the early days, about 1893. They . . . learned from me to speak the new language."

These qualities of his writing obscured for me a set of concepts which might have been helpful. They are embedded in so much verbiage that they cannot be cleanly extracted. They are, in his own words: *Simplicity as Organic.* "The first feeling was hunger for reality, for sincerity. A desire for simplicity that would yield a broader, deeper comfort was natural, too, to this first feeling. A growing idea of simplicity as organic . . . was a new quality of thought, able to strengthen and refresh the spirit in any circumstances. Organic simplicity might everywhere be seen producing significant character in the ruthless but harmonious order I was taught to call nature."

Plasticity. "Plasticity may be seen in the expressive flesh-covering of the skeleton as contrasted with the articulation of the skeleton itself."

Plasticity into Continuity. "But more important than all, rising to greater dignity as idea, the ideal of plasticity was now to be developed and emphasized in the treatment of the building as a whole. Plasticity was a familiar term but something I had seen in no building whatsoever . . . It might now be seen creeping into the expressive lines and surfaces of the *buildings* I was building . . . This ideal, profound in its architectural implications, soon took another conscious stride forward in the form of a new aesthetic. I called it *continuity.* . . . Continuity in this aesthetic sense appeared to me as a natural means to achieve truly organic architecture by machine technique or by any other natural technique."

Continuity into Tenuity." . . . The resource essential to modern architecture . . . is the principle of continuity. I have called it tenuity."

Tenuity. "So this tremendous new resource of *tenuity* – a quality of steel – . . . was definitely lacking in all ancient architecture because steel had not been

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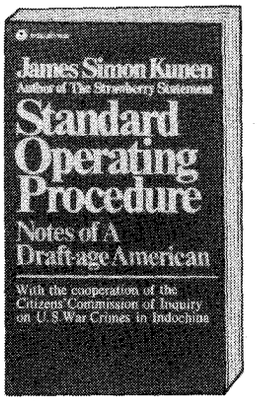
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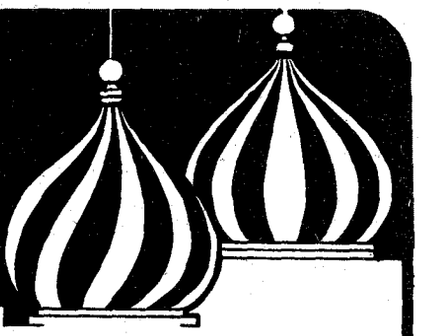

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born into building."

Had Wright been able sensibly to cope with these intuitions, the new architecture might have progressed a bit faster.

In the absence of responsible exposition, and with a wealth of pictures and plans, I took to doodling caricatures and imitations of his houses. It was not hard to do. I also spent endless hours in serious attempts to capture the Wrightian mood, harnessed to my own experience with structure and with the way my friends and clients lived. I was never successful. If it looked Wright, the roof could not be held up, nor could anyone comfortably live in it. And vice versa. I tended to accept this as a mysterious failure. I apparently had not read, or had failed to understand the following paragraph: "Human beings must group, sit or recline, confound them, and they must dine – but dining is much easier to manage and always a great artistic opportunity. Arrangements for the informality of sitting in comfort singly or in groups still belonging in disarray to the scheme as a whole: *that* is a matter difficult to accomplish. But it can be done now and should be done, because only those attributes of human comfort and convenience should be in order which belong to the whole in this modern integrated sense." In the next paragraph he contradicts himself, but the message is clear: only those functions appropriate to the design can be tolerated.

Wright constantly complained that his buildings did not photograph well. My friends who had seen some of them confirmed this. I decided to see for myself. I was working, at the time, for Walter Gropius and Marcel Breuer, Associated Architects, (two of Wright's *black beasts*) and made plans to use one of my vacations to visit a number of Wright's buildings, and to have lunch with him in Spring Green (Taliesen East).

The trip threw me. On the one hand his houses were structural disasters, an endless series of sagging cantilevers, inoperable windows and doors, leaky roofs, windows and walls, cracked brick work, cracked slabs and peeling plaster. Not atypical hardware for a pair of doors was a nail in each, tied together with a bit of string. On the other hand, they enthralled me. They were full of unforeseen beauties, marvelous effects, terrific manipulations of light and of scale, and were uniformly splendidly sited. They were indeed organic, a combination of the compost heap and the herbaceous border in one. I was so swept by the experience that I developed an acute anxiety – that when I arrived at Taliesen, Wright would grasp me firmly by the balls and lead me down the garden path.

One of his disciples took me around the place. It was vast and complex, similar to what I had seen on the way, but more so. Much was in ruins, much in construction – it was inchoate, beautiful and desolate, by turns. I was finally led to The Master, who was reclining on an elevated throne, in a garden. I was not introduced by name, but as from the schools I had attended, and as an employee of my employers. The kiss of death. That disciple must have seen right through ambivalent me, and hated what he saw. Wright fixed me with beady blue eyes, aglint with malice, and said "Well, young man, are you an urchitek, a farchitek or just a plain architect?" My acute anxiety was instantly replaced by acute embarrassment. I, too, have beady blue eyes. Between our eyes, out of nowhere, a silent film style caption appeared in Victorian type, surrounded by a printer's border. It read, "Saved! In the Nick of Time!"

Reconsidered, I am still glad about that.

Robert Woods Kennedy

Next: Andrew Greeley on The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.

COMING:

Charles Samuels reviews John Updike's *Rabbit Redux*

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

of the hands (Dennis Hopper) stays behind with the horses, hoping that more film companies will come down and use the location. Meanwhile, he lives through the results of the movie visitation on the townsfolk. They "continue" shooting the film with wooden cameras and mikes but with real violence substituted for the fake film violence. Carl Foreman once scratched the surface of this idea in a short he made about the filming of *The Victors* in Italy. Hopper, who directed here, didn't scratch the surface, he ruptured the idea with ponderous freight. And he also managed to load on a search for gold in the nearby hills, a religious parable, some orgy sex, and some lush photography.

Hopper previously directed *Easy Rider* and has directed this one with, unfortunately, a free hand. What he needed was a tough producer and a good editor to work with him from before the beginning. They might have forestalled this gaseous and overblown mess that hints only occasionally at the effective little allegory it might have been. As is, it made me think of a line attributed to John Huston. He acted in *Myra Breckinridge*, another mess, and on the day he finished his acting stint, he waved his hand and said, "Goodbye, boys. You'll never cut it together!" They didn't, and Hopper didn't.

I hope that *The Last Movie* fails very badly and that it's difficult for Hopper to get another picture and that he gets one only under the iron hand of a good producer. I hope all this because I think he has some talent.

I can't hope very much about Henry Jaglom, who wrote and directed *A Safe Place* (Columbia). He had two good people, Tuesday Weld and Jack Nicholson, and he had Orson Welles (character-acting around), and he wasted them all in an incredibly inflated triangle story about a tender New York girl, her devoted swain, and her irresistible lover. (I'm told I'm wrong, but I simply report that I got a hint of incest: that Nicholson is suggested to be her brother.) Take a bit of Robert Nathan (girl meets kindly old Jewish magician in Central Park), take a lot of Alain Resnais (incessant playing with time sequences), put them in a Waring blender, and it all comes out puffed up with air.

T. R. Baskin (Paramount), directed by Herbert Ross, is about a girl of that name who comes to Chicago, gets a job, gets insulted by a supposedly sensitive man she sleeps with, takes a crack at whoring, and is surprised by the sensitivity of the man she tries to whore with. The film serves one useful purpose: if you doubt Mike Nichols' ability with actors, see how dreadful Candice Bergen is here, after *Carnal Knowledge*. Peter Hyams wrote this near-moronic script. Why, for instance, would the sensitive man have put money in the girl's pocket? And after his error, which he regrets, why would he have recommended her to another man as a call girl? And why am I writing any more about this *dreck*?

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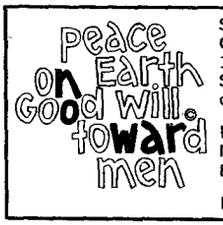

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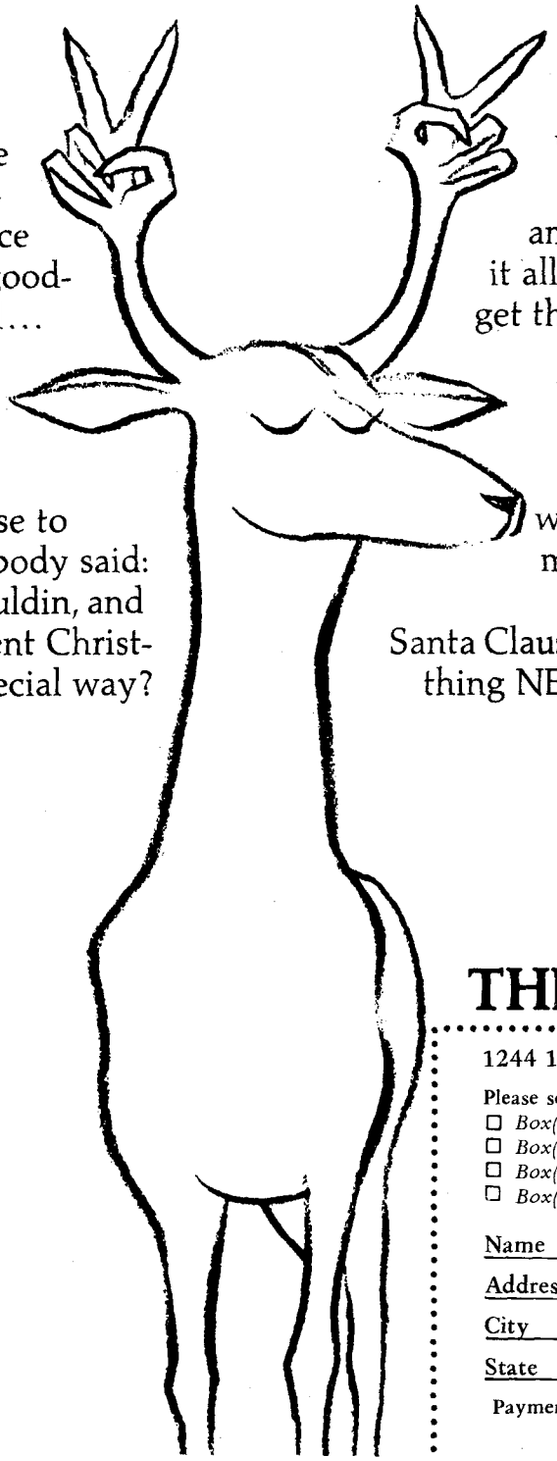

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